

want to be dressed in a cool, sum-
mer day better if you are rightly
dressed. Suits would be just the thing,
—no suit is so "in place" in
any one.

FIXIN'S

Hats, Thin Underwear, etc., to
be pressed, repaired and dyed.

COMPANY,
OUTFITTERS.

SOUTH PARIS

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ford
g-Ranges

BECAUSE OF
which prevents the diffi-
culty of ranges;
stos-lined back and heat-

which makes a better fire

which save half the trouble

extra large Ash Pan, etc., etc.
town we will send a
days' trial.

5 Union Street, Boston, Mass.

MAINE.

OPEN

ATES: 30 Daily
Upwards.

Special Rates for
sojourn of Two
Weeks or more.

MOBILE GARAGE IN
TION.

nts in the Pine Tree State.

MAINE.

STEEL PENS

150 Styles Fine, Medium and
Broad Points.
Sold by All Stationers.

EL PEN CO. 26 John St., New York

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WEAR.

fortably negligee about these

annels were always considered

, and now all wool crasches,

l weight worsteds are com-

of favor. The coats of these

about linings. The trousers

and loops for belts. The

er comfort will find it inside

5.00 to \$10.00.

OSTER,

MAINE

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MAINE

The Bethel News.

VOLUME XI.—NUMBER 7.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1905.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

White Duck Skirts.

These are just what you need for summer wear. They always look cool and launder nicely. A few of our good sellers are ONE LOT Skirts of good duck, 7 gore, tabs and plaits, all sizes, very neat, 98 cents. ONE LOT of finer duck, neat style, tabs, tucks and plaits, good sizes, \$1.98. ONE LOT Skirts of good linen, 7 gore, tabs and tucks, good width, dressy skirt, \$2.50.

Muslin Waists.

Large assortment of dainty styles. To see them is to want them. ONE LOT of good lawn, wide plait and tucks in front, back and sleeves, very neat, 98 cts. ONE LOT Waists of fine white lawn, buttons in back, embroidered front with tucks, very pretty waist, \$1.98.

New Neckwea.

Large variety of New Stocks just arrived. The newest designs in lace, muslin and embroidery, 25 cents and 50 cents. ONE LOT Neck Ribbons, chiffon taffeta, five inches wide, white, black and colors, extra values, 19 cents.

PILLOW TOPS in almost any design, both picture and stamped to work, and coverings all ready for the pillow, 25 cts. and 50 cts. Store closes Friday Afternoon through July and August.

Thomas Smiley
Telephone 112-2.
127-129 MAIN STREET,
NORWAY MAINE.

It is estimated that the colleges of the country are turning out 22,000 graduates this month, and the old question arises of what they are going to do for a living. There is no need of worry, however. Twenty thousand is a very small per cent of eighty millions, and besides the death rate is larger than the graduation rate. These young men will all be wanted to fill the places of those who have passed on.

Indigestion Cured.

There is no case of Indigestion, Dyspepsia or Stomach Trouble that will not yield to the digestive and strengthening influence of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. This remedy takes the strain off the stomach by digesting what you eat and allowing it to rest until it grows strong again. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure affords quick and permanent relief from Indigestion and all stomach troubles, builds up the system and so purifies that disease can not attack and gain a foothold as when in a weakened condition. The constantly increasing use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure by physicians of hospital and general practice of itself tells how this most wonderful modern discovery has proven to be the greatest digestant for the alleviation of a suffering humanity. Its many cures of both children and adults grows larger day by day. Sold by G. R. Wiley, DW

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Guy Barker is at home for a vacation. Mr. R. B. Brown of Boston was in town yesterday. Mrs. E. L. Arno was in South Paris and Norway, Thursday. Miss Gladys Wiley returned home from Bangor last week.

Dr. Wiley of Bar Mills is the guest of relatives in town.

Dr. Herbert Twitchell of Portland is the guest of relatives in town.

Miss Daisy Dixon of the News office is visiting relatives in Cushing.

Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Wight and daughter went to Gorham, N. H., Monday.

Miss Cornelia Bennett of Gilead visited friends in the village the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Morningstar of New York are occupying their cottage at Songo Lake.

There will be an installation of officers of the Golden Cross next Monday night.

Mr. John Nelson of the News force is enjoying a vacation at his home in Palermo.

Miss Sybil Abbott of Atlanta Ga. is visiting relatives and friends in Bethel and vicinity.

Mr. and Mrs. William Clough and little daughter were guests at I. C. Jordan's over Sunday.

Miss Alice Capen has returned from a visit with her sister, Mrs. Fred Roberts of China.

Quite a large delegation of Bethel people enjoyed an old-fashioned celebration of the Fourth at Bryant Pond.

Robert and Ethel Sanborn went to Cottage City, Mass., Saturday, where they have employment for the summer.

Miss Maud L. Thurston, Gould's Academy, '00, was one of the commencement speakers at Bates College last week.

Mr. Elden Whitman and daughter Alta of Boston, and Mr. Mellen Whitman of Worcester, Mass., are visiting in town.

Miss Mabel V. Shaw, Gould's Academy, '09, read an original essay at the Bates College Junior exhibition, last week.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Morice of Toronto, Ont., are pleased to hear of Mr. Morice's recovery from a severe attack of bronchitis.

Miss Ellen Penley of Middleboro, Mass., is visiting her brother, Mr. Milton Penley. This is Miss Penley's first visit to Bethel in fourteen years.

Dr. G. W. Fernald wishes to state that he has tested the herds of E. S. Smith and A. H. Mason and that each has been given a clean bill of health.

Mrs. Emily J. Philbrook and granddaughter Ernestine returned from Greene, Monday, where they have been visiting Mrs. Philbrook's sons, Will and Harvey.

Allie L. Lawrence formerly of Bethel has a position as assistant foreman of the customers' job department of the American Waltham Watch Co., of Waltham, Mass.

A special train will leave Berlin, N. H., for Bethel at 5:30 p. m., July 12, to accommodate those who attend the circus on that date. Fare for round trip, including admission to circus is \$1.45. 7w2

E. E. Randall is moving his stock of boots, shoes, rubbers, and lumbermen's supplies from the shop near Goddard's, occupied by him for several years past, into the store recently vacated by Edw. King. We gladly welcome Mr. Randall to Upper Main street and predict for him the same rush of business that has driven him from his former quarters.

See Additional Locals on Page 4.

PACIFIC COAST TOUR.

Special Train Party Filled to the Last Man.

The special train excursion to the Pacific coast and the Lewis and Clark Exposition about which more or less has been said during the past month, started on its long tour this afternoon.

When Mr. Bowler announced a few weeks ago that he would take a special train party to the coast in July, many looked in astonishment and wondered from whence could come 125 people for such a tour, and how they could be obtained in one short month. But the attractiveness of the route and the low price made, assured success from the start, and to use a street expression, our people simply tumbled over themselves to get aboard.

The special train consisting of four sleeping cars, one dining car, one baggage car, and a first class coach will start from Montreal at 9:10 to-morrow morning, and the 10,000 miles will be made by their own train, necessitating no change of cars from start to finish. A very excellent train schedule has been arranged, making fast time through the country where no stops are desired, and slow time with various short stops through the mountains and attractive country. The first run of nearly 2,000 miles from Montreal to Denver is made in 48 hours.

A stop of three days is made in Colorado, taking in several side trips, then a daylight ride is made over the famous scenic line of the Denver & Rio Grande, through the Arkansas and Grand Canons, arriving in Salt Lake City the following morning, where a day is spent visiting the Great Salt Lake and other interesting attractions. Over a week is spent in California taking in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Pasadena, Monterey, San Francisco, etc., and continuing on to the Exposition at Portland, Ore.

Returning, the party will stop a day at Seattle, making a short stop at Spokane, also at St. Paul, and Minneapolis, spending several hours in Chicago, and a day at Niagara Falls. Also a party of twenty-five or thirty people has been organized for the Yellowstone National Park.

The trip on the whole is an ideal one, and the party consists of a nice class of people all enthusiastic over their journey, and anticipating a delightful time, which their conductor is determined that they shall have.

A second party will start on August 28 over the same route. Very many have already booked for the August party and another special train tour is already assured. Any interested in that trip should secure accommodation at once as the number is limited to 125 and when that number have registered the books are closed.

The following is practically a complete list of the members of the July party:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|----------------------|
| Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bowler, | Bethel, Me. |
| E. C. Bowler, Jr., | " " |
| Ceylon Rowe, | " " |
| S. Louise Rounds, | So. Paris, Me. |
| F. P. Stone, | " " |
| Mr. and Mrs. Jas. N. Faver, | Norway, Me. |
| Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith, | " " |
| Grace Bicknell, | " " |
| Wilfred Bowler, | Bridgton, Me. |
| Mrs. S. A. Allen, | Auburn, Me. |
| Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smiley, | Portland, Me. |
| M. B. Dingley, | " " |
| Caroline M. Mace, | " " |
| Lou Elorotte, | " " |
| F. H. M. Witham, | " " |
| Mrs. A. K. Gifford, | " " |
| Mrs. Albion Fennell, | " " |
| L. N. Merrill, | Saco, Me. |
| Rev. H. F. Moulton, | Biddeford, Me. |
| Dr. M. H. Ferguson, | " " |
| Annie Cox, | Bath, Me. |
| Ellen Blair, | " " |
| Mrs. C. D. Clarke, | " " |
| J. A. Conley, | Woodfords, Me. |
| J. A. Conley, Jr., | " " |
| Truette Parsons, | Peaks Island, Me. |
| E. M. Brewster, | Rockland, Me. |
| Miss Betsey Coombs, | Edgcomb, Me. |
| Grace Ireland, | New York. |
| Mary Ireland, | " " |
| Lillian Avery, | Ausable Forks, N. Y. |
| Miss Gorman, | " " |
| Mr. and Mrs. S. A. McKee, | " " |
| Rev. L. Gagne, | St. Ferdinand, Que. |

Wolfe's Appeal to Women.

Wolfe's Appeal to Women. A. B. Gendreau, Lake Megantic, Que. Jos. Berube, " " J. D. Reine, " " Miss Weld, " " Thos. Ramabo, London, Ont. Eva Frank and son, Wheatley, Ont. J. D. Murray, Niagara, N. Y. Miss Colina Ferrie, Rat Portage, Ont. Mrs. C. A. Hinman, " " Mrs. A. Carson, " " Mr. and Mrs. Chas. J. Myles, " " B. Phider, " " A. N. Husband, " " H. B. McDonald, " " Mr. and Mrs. Bloem, West Toronto, Ont. Mrs. Iron, " " L. O. Iron, " " Raymond Iron, " " Mrs. Bertha Bonds, " " Miss F. Griesinger, " " Mr. J. Dykes, " " Miss F. Dykes, " " Mrs. M. E. Oliver, " " Mary B. Tenney, " " Francis A. Griffin, " " G. W. Simonton, " " J. A. Simonton, " " Lena E. Campbell, " " Abbie E. Holt, " " M. A. Parsons, " " H. J. Ross, " " Clara A. Brown, " " Mr. and Mrs. G. Murphy, " " Elizabeth Thomas, " " Margaret Holmes, " " Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Small, " " Roxbury, Mass.

Patrick O. Lary, So. Boston, " Anna E. Newell, " " " " " " Harriet R. Evans, " " Abbie M. Evans, " " Dr. and Mrs. D. W. Wells, " " West Newton, " " Mrs. Nellie Cope, " " Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Bursch, " " Hyde Park, " " Clara Bursch, " " L. P. Howard, " " S. Howard, " " E. F. Erskine, " " East Boston, " " F. G. Erskine, " " " " " " E. D. Graham, " " " " " " Grace Bourne, " " Carolyn Swift, " " Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Morse, " " East Boston, " " Mrs. J. A. Sumner, " " Newton, " " Florence Sumner, " " Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Spring, " " C. H. Reed, " " M. A. Reed, " " E. A. Price, " " Somerville, " " Dr. and Mrs. Wm. E. Phillips, " " Melrose, " " Mrs. Tenney Morse, " " Mary D. Chandler, " " Dorchester, " " Mary D. Treat, " " Chelsea, " " H. H. Roche, " " Cohasset, " " Luella M. Marsh, " " Cambridge, " "

Fresh Air Appeal.

The Fresh Air Society has on hand a fund of \$2600 to assist Boston children to visit the country, and the co-operation of any charitably disposed person who can either share their own home with one of these little ones or interest another to do so, is asked. Three have already been provided for, Mrs. Z. F. Durkee caring for two and Mrs. Bartlett one.

It is hoped that many places will be found in Bethel or adjoining towns where a fortnight or at least a week of fresh air hospitality may be extended to these city children, many of whom have no knowledge of the delights of the country.

If you will send your name and address to Dr. G. W. Fernald or Mrs. Z. F. Durkee, stating when you can accommodate one or more and for how long, the letter will be forwarded to the Society, and the children brought to your door, the Society paying for transportation.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES.

Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure any case, no matter of how long standing, in 6 to 14 days. First application gives ease and rest. If your druggist hasn't it send for it in stamps and it will be forwarded postpaid by Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED.

I want to hire a man and wife on my farm. Man must be capable of caring for stock and doing general farm work, and woman to take entire charge of house.

F. L. EDWARDS, Bethel, Me.

SOUVENIRS

If you have seen my display of Souvenir goods in past years, I want you to see them this year and see how much larger and more varied my stock is. If you never saw my line don't miss it this year.

Burnt Leather, Turned Wood, Birch Bark, China, Glass and Pictures all made up into the most attractive line of Souvenirs I ever had. The prices are very reasonable. Souvenir Postals, two for 5c.

Edward King,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

BETHEL, MAINE.

Your Choice.

Fifty Hats marked down from \$1.00 and \$1.50 to 49 cents and 99 cents.

A few Pattern Hats left, marked at half price. Watch this space next week for other bargains.

L. M. STEARNS,

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning even words to the line.

I saw it among the Business Pointers. Don't forget the Souvenir Stationery at King's. 25c a box, 4 different views.

Palm leaf Fans at King's. 2 for 5c. If present demand continues, you better get your box of Souvenir Stationery soon if you want any. Only about sixty boxes left.

Most 1500 Ladies' Home Journal Patterns on hand at King's. 10c and 15c. The Ladies' Home Journal Patterns are proving very popular with the ladies. The advantage of having a large stock in town is apparent to all. King has them.

Passed the Examination.

The following is the list of those who passed successfully the examination recently given to test their fitness for doing secondary school work:

Grace Adamson, Fannie Barker, Natalie Barker, Susie Bean, Mildred Brown, Philip Chapman, Nellie Coburn, Elton Coolidge, Eva L. Farwell, Wallace Farwell, Arthur Herrick, Agnes Hutchins, Susan King, Charles Mercier, Gladys E. Morrill, Millie M. Oliver, Frank Robertson, Everett Smith, George E. Spinney, Bertha Thurston, Robert Thurston, Minnie I. Wilson.

Should any of those who failed to pass, or any others, desire to take an examination the latter part of August, another examination will be given. Application should be made at the office of the Superintendent not later than August 19.

H. H. HASTINGS, Supt. of Schools.

Just Received!!!

NEW LINE OF Picture Mouldings

I am now prepared to take orders for ALL KINDS OF FRAMES.

All the latest Spring Styles at Reasonable Prices; also have on hand the samples formerly carried by Miss L. C. Hall.

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven,

Main Street.

BETHEL, MAINE.

I have just Opened my

MUSIC ROOMS

In the Dana Philbrook Building, foot of Main St., Bethel, where I shall carry a full and complete line of

EDISON'S

PHONOGRAPHS,

RECORDS, BLANKS, HORNS and SUPPLIES

Also a full line of SHEET MUSIC.

Please give me a call, you are welcome.

W. H. Winchester, Prop.,

BETHEL, MAINE

Headquarters,

58 Main St.,

Bethel, N. H.

CABOTIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Signature

Chas. H. Fletcher

Sour Stomach

No appetite, loss of strength, nervousness, headache, constipation, bad breath, general debility, sour risings, and catarrh of the stomach are all due to indigestion. Kodol cures indigestion. This new discovery represents the natural juices of digestion as they exist in a healthy stomach, combined with the greatest known tonic and reconstructive properties. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does not only cure indigestion and dyspepsia, but this famous remedy cures all stomach troubles by cleansing, purifying, sweetening and strengthening the mucous membranes lining the stomach.

Mr. S. S. Ball, of Ravenswood, W. Va., says: "I was troubled with sour stomach for twenty years. Kodol cured me and we are now using it in milk for baby."

Kodol Digests What You Eat.
Bottles only \$1.00. Size holding 2 1/2 times the trial size, which sells for 50 cents.
Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel, Me.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Frye office. Bethel, Me.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
Physician & Surgeon,
Office in Residence opposite Odeon Hall } BETHEL.

Long Distance Telephone.
DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office in Residence at Bethel, Maine.
Wormell Stand.

J. WALDO NASH,
Licensed Taxidermist.
NORWAY, MAINE.
Telephone Connection.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Lewis & Clark Exposition

AT PORTLAND, OREGON.

June 1st to October 15, 1905.

Fare from Bethel \$76.50

Fare from Bethel via San Francisco \$87.50

All tickets good for 90 days.

Time Table in Effect June 18, 1905.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Iceland Pond, leave,	1.20	6.30
Gorham,	3.21	8.20
Gilead,	3.45	8.40
West Bethel,	3.57	8.50
BETHEL, arrive,	4.05	9.00
Lookle Mills,	4.10	9.10
Bryant Pond,	4.22	9.18
South Paris,	4.51	9.44
Lewiston,	5.50	10.45
Portland, arrive,	6.40	11.30
Boston, via rail,	12.45	4.10
Boston, via boat,		3.00

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	A. M.	P. M.
Portland, leave,	8.15	1.30
Lewiston,	9.00	2.25
South Paris,	10.07	3.22
Bryant Pond,	10.34	4.02
Lookle Mills,	10.41	4.12
BETHEL, arrive,	10.50	4.25
West Bethel,	10.57	4.35
Gilead,	11.07	4.51
Gorham,	11.30	5.40
Iceland Pond,	1.30	7.50
Montreal,	6.50	6.45
Toronto,	7.35	4.40
Chicago,	9.10	7.42

SUNDAY EXCURSIONS.

Excursion to Gorham and Berlin begins June 4th and runs each Sunday till Oct. 2, fare 45c. round trip. Train leaves Bethel at 11.12 a. m. Returning leaves Berlin at 4 p. m. arriving in Bethel at 6.05.

Pullman Sleeping Cars.

Commencing June 18th, Grand Trunk will operate through sleeping cars between Chicago and Portland.

Leave Portland at 8.30 p. m. daily.
Leave Chicago at 3.02 p. m. daily.

Pullman Parlor Car Service.

Beginning June 26th, Parlor Cars will be run between Montreal and Old Orchard as follows:

Leave Montreal at 8.00 p. m. daily.
Leave Old Orchard at 8.00 p. m. daily.

Pullman Parlor Car Service.

Beginning June 19th, Pullman Parlor Cars will run between Boston and Berlin.

Leave Boston 9.00 a. m. week days.
Arrive Berlin 5.57 p. m. week days.
Leave Berlin 8.05 a. m. week days.
Arrive Boston 5.00 p. m. week days.

J. H. O'CONNOR, Agent.

The E. A. STROUT

FARM AGENCY,
Sold 289 Farms in Maine last year, and sales are being made every day. If you have farm property or any real estate for sale, let us hear from you. The agency is handled in this section by

E. C. BOWLER, of Bethel, Me.

THE NOVELIST'S YOUTH.

The eminent novelist was in a dull mood. For some minutes now he had been regarding rather blankly the equally blank sheets of paper lying before him on his desk. It was a June morning, and—somehow—memories of another June morning far off in the long ago obtruded. Mayhap it was the bright sunshine streaming in through the open London window, filling the air with dancing thoughts, that made our novelist so retrospective—and idle. He had in his mind vaguely a vision of that June morning in a Devon cider orchard, when in the egotism of youth he had talked and she had listened. When, half-fearfully, he had touched the mysteries of love.

Long ago—oh, very long ago! Bless me!—what was the girl's name? She had had ridiculous ideals, incompatible with such a merry round face and such impertinent red hair—the eminent novelist recollected. Her father had owned the cider orchard and many others. What was the name? Sampford or Widdicombe, or Debbyhouse?

Not any of them a bit like it. She was a memory—nothing more. The eminent novelist sighed. Times had changed since then. Now he was—well, famous, in a sort of way. That is, he had not worldly, sordid troubles.

A discreet tap at the door disturbed these more comfortable reflections. It was the page boy.

"Please, sir, a lady."

"Won't give her name, sir. Wants to see you very particular. Has called twice already."

"Ask her to be good enough to come in," interrupted the eminent novelist, with a faint hope of "copy" rising within him. Those blank sheets were reproachful.

A moment later a girl rustled into the sanctum. She was dressed in violet voile, made in the extreme of fashion, with a great black feather hat on her well-polished head. She appeared very much at ease, and smiled amiably enough toward the eminent novelist.

"You must forgive my 'boarding' you like this," she began, graciously. "I haven't sent the carriage away, so you can imagine that I won't really detain you." The novelist indicated a seat, and bowed. "Thanks, awfully. I see I have disturbed you. Well, to the point, then, at once, I have come to talk about your books. Your last one is a distinct falling away."

"Oh, I know it's unusual and all that for one to speak one's opinion in the open," the girl went on, airily. She had a perfume of violets about her, and a pretty trick of dimpling her cheeks.

"I have read all your books, don't you know," continued the girl, suddenly becoming serious. "And, in a manner, I have rather gone in for them. A woman's first enthusiasm sort of thing, falling in love with a portrait idea. You understand?"

"I think so," (He rather flattered himself on comprehending the sex.) "Well, honestly, you know—you're not doing yourself justice. I won't say you're pot-boiling exactly; but, at any rate, you're lighting the fire preparatory to it. Now, I'm sorry—and so are heaps of people—who care, don't you know."

"Not at all. As I said, one has ideals and things in one's youth." (The novelist admitted that.) "You're rather my ideal—or you were. I am prone to you that you are falling away. Take your first book, for instance."

"Crude, and very young," suggested the novelist.

"Crude and very sincere," corrected the girl swiftly. "I begin to believe that with age and experience one's eyes grow dim. I understand it's physiologically so in the fifties, but as regards the soul, decay appears to set in much earlier. I'm not keeping you?"

"Please go on."

"Well, do just read some of your early work again. I'm sure—"

"If you can really prove to me that my stuff is becoming worse instead of slightly better," the novelist checked her. "I will very willingly give a check for 100 guineas to any charity you like to name."

The violet girl laughed again, and dimpled her round cheeks. "Well, that's business, certainly, and I'd dearly like to take up the challenge. But I want to speak of your books generally, with a view to helping you—and myself. You know that now it's your name that sells."

The novelist shrugged his shoulders and glanced toward the clock.

"It's so, I am afraid," said the girl, smothering her skirts' deprecatingly. "I won't keep you a minute longer. This is my notion. I'll write your stories for you, and you'll sign them. It will be a good deal less work for you, while I—"

"Yes?" inquired he, rising.

"I don't seem to be able to sell my stories as it is, don't you see?" she continued, with the first signs of losing her nerve. Her dimple had vanished temporarily. "And I'm sure—"

"I'm profoundly obliged to you," remarked the eminent novelist very coldly, "but I fear such an arrangement would be scarcely fair."

"Not fair?" she echoed, with a touch of scorn. "Not fair? To whom? To your publisher? He doesn't even read your manuscripts now, of course. It's just your name, and his imprint."

A peculiar fact is that 1905 began on Sunday and will end on Sunday, and therefore has fifty-three Sundays. This will not occur again in one hundred and ten years.

To your public? They'll gobble anything signed by you—because it's the 'thing,' don't you know! Not fair to myself? I maintain that I shall do you more than justice. . . . Here's a short piece—"

She produced from a little bag hanging at her waist a folded paper in a conjuring trick kind of way. "Read that; sign it—and do me the honor of making the attempt. Good-morning."

She dropped the paper into the hand outstretched, in dismissal, courted charmingly, smiled and dimpled once more, then rustled herself to the door and disappeared from his view, leaving a perfume of violets and forgotten things behind her. . . . In a little while the eminent novelist heard the sound of departing carriage wheels. He laughed then, heartily—utterly. "Well, I'm—"

He stopped short, and returned to his desk. There he unfolded the paper and glanced casually at it. "H'm—rather like my style," he admitted. He looked at the end. "Clever girl—that I wonder if there's anything in what she says? I would like to know—"

He seized his pen; signed the manuscript in his neat, small handwriting; then pushed the paper hastily into an envelope. Without permitting himself to pause to relent, he addressed the envelope to his agent; stamped it; rang for the page boy.

"Post that at once, will you?" he ordered coolly.

Within three posts the manuscript was returned—with an incredulous note from the agent:

"My dear chap, what are you about? Is it a joke, or midsummer madness? You send me a queer little piece; thoughtful, analytical, and done with more than your usual style. So much I'll freely admit. But where is the story? Don't you know, by now, that the tale's the thing? Haven't I drummed it into you ever since we started together; and with the best results for both of us? I can sell your stuff like hot cakes in the ordinary course; and I can find a market for the last—if you insist."

"But! Firstly, the public taste analysis. They haven't the leisure for it, or the patience—or the understanding. Secondly, they can only appreciate thought so long as it keeps on the copybook platitude level: 'Hang it, man—remember how—' books sell! Lastly, as regards style, the public honestly don't care one way or 'other. Forgive my brutality, and let me know what I'm to do. Yours, perplexed—"

The eminent novelist pacified the agent by withdrawing the obnoxious piece and sending him two short stories, in his (the o. p.'s) later manner. Then the eminent novelist waited for the return of the violet girl with outward calm.

Having thus entirely disposed of her, the eminent novelist glanced a second time at her story. He smiled as he noted the construction, the anticlimax, the "youthfulness" of the thing. He shrugged indulgently towards the quaint rounding of her sentences, so intelligently reproducing his own style. One or two phrases stirred him; indeed, he allowed reluctantly that there was merit in the piece.

It was really clever how she caught his earlier method.

She came, with her faint fragrance of violets and memories. The eminent novelist took up an attitude of tolerance toward her, and strove to lessen the blow. She put that aside—"Well—about the story? Did you sign it?"

"I did."

"And send it off?"

"Yes, I was weak enough to dare so much." He laughed a little as he turned up the agent's letter. "I sent it away without a word—and the secret still remains between the two of us. I was piqued into being unfairly fair! Now, please read my agent's reply, returning the story the very next night." He handed her the letter.

"Did you say a hundred guineas," she asked, "or was it pounds?"

"I don't think I quite—"

"You said that if I could really prove your work to be falling away you would give—"

"Oh, yes; a hundred guineas to any charitable institution you cared to name," he remarked stiffly. "I had not forgotten. The offer is still open."

She raised her eyes—they gleamed maliciously at him, as her cheeks began to dimple. "Perhaps you will be good enough to get out your check-book," she remarked, calmly returning him the agent's note.

"What do you mean?"

"The story is your own. It appeared in Young People in August, 1889. I cut it out then, and a week ago had it typewritten. I brought it with me the other morning for two reasons—"

"One of which I know," murmured the eminent novelist, commanding himself most surprisingly. A sudden suspicion had helped him to parry an otherwise deadly thrust. He reached for his checkbook, opened it and took up his pen. "Pay 100 guineas," he wrote rapidly, "to—"

"Muriel Courtenay," the violet girl answered demurely.

"And how is the cider orchard now, Muriel?" he questioned, in a would-be dry voice. "Do you play there still?"

"Not for many years," she told him, in her valiant manner. As her frank eyes held his repentant glance she made full confession—"But I do not forget," she added, in a gentle, almost motherly tone—London By-stander.

Feeding of Chickens.

The relative value of all grain and grain-and-meat rations was studied with 2 lots each containing 5 Barred Plymouth Rock cockrels, the ration of the former lot being made up of ground oats and barley 4:3 fed with skim milk, and that of the latter ground oats, barley and meat 4:3:1. In the 4 weeks of the test the average gain per chicken on the grain ration was 1 lb. 13.5 oz. and the cost of feed per pound of gain 5.4 cts. Similar values for the grain-and-meat ration were 2 lbs. 0.6 oz. and 5.6 cts.

"On killing and dressing, the two lots were found to be remarkably similar as regards plumpness and weight, due largely, the writer thinks, to the uniformity of type. They furnished identical data as regards percentage of dressed carcass, and were only distinguished into groups by the slightly yellow tinge of the 'all-grain' fed birds; the chickens from the 'grain and meat' ration gave a perfectly white flesh."

State Farmer and Gardener.

What Kills Men in War.

Bayonet and Saber Compared With Firearms and Artillery.

In the Army and Navy Journal some data are given as to the number of wounds actually inflicted by the bayonet and saber as compared with firearms and artillery. Of all wounds treated by medical officers of the Union armies in the Civil War about four-tenths of one per cent., or 922 out of 240,712, were saber or bayonet wounds. In the Crimean War the English and French had 2 1-2 per cent. of such wounds; in the Schleswig-Holstein War about 3 per cent., while in the Franco-Prussian War the records show that the Germans received less than one-third of 1 per cent.

A striking commentary this upon the advance of modern military science, showing that with the general adoption of long range firearms the saber and bayonet are rapidly falling into disuse, and the time is coming, if it has not already arrived, when those old and honored weapons will become obsolete.

But it is not the bullet or the artillery fire which strikes down the largest numbers of men. It is disease. In the Civil War, one man out of every 6.7 was wounded in action; one of every 38 died of his wounds; one of every 42.7 was killed in action. Of the total mortality among colored soldiers 90 per cent. was from disease. Of the total mortality among the white volunteers, 70 per cent. was owing to disease; among the white regulars, 60 per cent.—Chicago Tribune.

Spirituous Liquors in the South.

"Have you noticed," said the observant man about town, "that the people of the South are becoming every year less addicted to the use of spirituous liquors? Whether this is attributable to the prohibition propaganda or to the growing popularity of other beverages I am not prepared to say, but that it is a fact you may easily convince yourself by visiting the prominent saloons of the city during the lunch hour.

LIVE STOCK

AMERICAN BREEDING STOCK.

A Plan For Its Improvement and Selection of Animals.

The most striking features or agricultural progress at the present time are the intense study which agriculturists, botanists, and horticulturists are devoting to the subject of systematic and practical plant breeding and the very remarkable results which have been reached. New varieties of wheat have been evolved whose productiveness promises to add materially to the country's output of cereals; new varieties of cotton have been perfected; corn has been improved so that it will yield not only a larger amount of grain per acre but produce a higher percentage of protein than that contained in the original varieties, and the statement is now being made that it will probably be but a short time until the nitrogen-gathering bacteria will thrive on the roots of this plant. These achievements have increased directly the production of agricultural wealth.

The methods by which this great work has been inaugurated do not differ widely from those used by animal breeders, for the principles of heredity are undoubtedly the same whether applied to plants or to animals. Selection and pure breeding were potent methods in bringing about the results mentioned above.

Both are at the basis of success in animal breeding and have been applied for generations. Both are fairly well understood by stockmen. The third agent, whose use has given tremendous impetus to plant breeding—crossing between varieties and hybridizing between species—is rarely resorted to in animal breeding except for the production of market animals; it is therefore a new field for exploration.

Improved breeds have been established on American soil in two ways—(1) by careful selection among the best individuals of the native stock and pure breeding after the type became fixed, and (2) by direct importation of individuals of breeds already established in other countries.

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Ten Years of Suffering.

"I wish to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," says Mrs. Mattie Burge, of Martinsville, Va. "I suffered from chronic diarrhoea for ten years and during that time tried various medicines without obtaining any permanent relief. Last summer one of my children was taken with cholera morbus, and I procured a bottle of this remedy. Only two doses were required to give her entire relief. I then decided to try the medicine myself, and did not use all of one bottle before I was well and I have never since been troubled with that complaint. One cannot say too much in favor of that wonderful medicine."

This remedy is for sale by G. R. Wiley Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbetts Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

How to Care for Ducks.

Ducks are easily raised, and cost but little more than chickens. They grow surprisingly fast, and apparently are not affected by neglect, requiring only a reasonable amount of care with plenty of good substantial food and water.

When the ducklings pip the shell they do not emerge at once, as do chickens, but remain quiet for possibly 24 hours, then burst the shell, but must be left quietly alone, as they are very delicate for the first few days.

After 24 hours remove the hen and ducklings to a warm coop and care for them as you would for chicks.

The best food is one part of corn meal and four parts of bran, with a generous supply of fine grit added. Moistened slightly and feed three times a day for the first week. After this change to any other kinds of food that conditions may suggest.—Tri-State Farmer and Gardener.

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When ten drinks of whiskey were sold ten years ago, to-day you will find but one handed over the counter. Claret, milk and beer seem to be the favorite beverages of the lunchers. You see men drinking beer to-day, who sneered at it ten years ago, and the switching to the milder beverage seems to have caused a decrease in the number of drunkards. You may go a whole day and not see a man heavily intoxicated. Soda water, too, seems to be becoming a factor in diminishing the demand for intoxicants not to be despised. There are no available statistics on the subject, but I am informed by a drummer for a house that supplies apparatus for the soda fountains and bottling works that the annual consumption of the fizzing liquid amounts in dollars to more than fifty millions, and is constantly on the increase."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Cured of Bright's Disease.

Mr. Robert O. Burke, Elkhorn, N.Y., writes: "Before I started to use Foley's Kidney Cure I had to get up from twelve to twenty times a night, and I was all bloated up with dropsy and my eyesight was so impaired I could scarcely see one of my family across the room. I had given up hope of living, when a friend recommended Foley's Kidney Cure. One 50 cent bottle worked wonders and before I had taken the third bottle the dropsy had gone, as well as all other symptoms of Bright's disease." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Charles H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of

Charles H. Fletcher

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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Couldn't Eat— Even Bread Distressed

Groveville, Me., March 20, 1904.
Dear Friends:—
Two years ago I was visiting my brother, Mr. Wm. D. Soule, of Strong, Maine. While there, I had a very severe attack of indigestion, could not eat even a piece of bread without causing a great deal of distress. My brother was taking "L. F." Bitters at the time and wished me to try them. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle I got relief, could eat anything and began to gain in flesh.

Very truly yours,
MRS. LENA C. HILL.
A normal, healthy digestion is priceless. But the True "L. F." Atwood's Bitters has cured hundreds and costs only 35 cents a bottle at all good stores.

FOR SALE.

Shelburne Spring House, Shelburne, N. H.

The house is near Depot, Post Office and Telegraph Office. In good situation to accommodate White Mountain Tourists. Families and Parties wishing a quiet, pleasant place to spend their vacation will find this all they desire. It is surrounded by beautiful mountain scenery at the base of Mount Winthrop within easy access to Mount Washington and the Presidential groups of the White Mountains.

From Mount Winthrop you get a beautiful view of the valley of the big Androscoggin River, shedding its silver light far into the Wilds of Maine. Then, turning your eye, you look upon Mount Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and many smaller mountains which skirt the valley below. There are hundreds of views which attract and charm the eye of the Tourist. The streams abound with fish and the forest with game.

A good livery connected with the house. The ride from Boston to Shelburne is delightful, passing through one of the most beautiful and charming sections in New England.

House newly furnished, rooms large and airy. Connecting rooms if wanted. Large farm in connection with house from which tables are supplied; also fruit and berries of all kinds.

SHELBURNE SPRING.

From which the house takes its name, comes out of mountain about one thousand feet above the house. The water was analyzed the past year by Prof. Frank L. Bartlett, State Assayer of Maine, who pronounced it a wonderful spring of water; he says in conclusion, in his analysis, "The value of this water consists in its most remarkable purity, being almost as pure as distilled water."

This is one of the most desirable pieces of hotel property in New England, and can be had at a reasonable price, and on easy terms.

Address,
E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Me.

Pine State Custom Shoes

For men and women, \$3.50. Best shoe made in Maine. Also Pillsbury-Howe shoe for children. I also have a good stock of Rubbers, Leggings, Moccasins, etc.

Repairing Done well and Promptly.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

I DO NOT KEEP THE ONLY GROCERY IN BETHEL.

But I have a complete stock of
Groceries, Confectionery,
FRUIT, NUTS, TOBACCO
AND CIGARS.

If you don't see what
you want, ask for it.
R. E. L. Farwell, Bethel, Me.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleaves and beautifies the hair. Promotes and sustains growth. Never cures the scalp. Great value to the youthful color. Cures scalp disease and itching. 25c and 50c at Druggists.

E. E. WHITNEY & Co. BETHEL, ME. Marble & Granite Workers.

Chaste Designs.
First-Class workmanship.
Letters of inquiry promptly answered. See our work.

Get our prices.
Satisfaction Guaranteed.
E. E. WHITNEY & CO.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

For children's coughs, cures. No opiates.

WIT AND WISDOM.

"George, dear," said the bride of six months, "the minister told me to-day that you gave him a \$20 gold piece for marrying us."

"Well," replied George, "I don't mind his having bunked me out of the money, but he might be considerate enough to refrain from boasting of it."

A boon to travelers. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures dysentery, diarrhoea, seasickness, nausea. Pleasant to take. Perfectly harmless.

Mother—Willie you must stop asking your father questions. Don't you see they annoy him? Willie—No'm; it ain't my question that annoys him. It's the answers that he can't give that make him mad.

When bilious take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

Kind Lady—You say you are a war correspondent?

Tramp—Yes, mum. My father was shot in the Civil War and I had a lot of writing wid de Government about his pension.

Ten thousand demons gnawing away at one's vitals couldn't be much worse than the tortures of itching piles. Yet there's a cure. Doan's Ointment never fails.

"My wife has a remarkable collection of curiosities."

"Was she collecting when she married you?"

"Yes."

"That's what I thought."

A wheelman's tool bag isn't complete without a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals cuts, bruises, stings, sprains. Monarch over pain.

"If we economize," said the husband, "we will soon have a house of our own instead of having to live in rented property."

"But I'm not sure I should like that," answered the wife. "I couldn't drive nails anywhere I please in the walls or woodwork of our own house, you know."

Beautify your complexion with little cost. If you wish a smooth, clear, cream like complexion rosy cheeks, laughing eyes, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea, greatest beautifier known. 35 cents.

G. R. WILEY.

"What is your definition of an optimist?"

"An optimist is a man who has will power enough to make himself believe certain things when he knows there is no truth in them."

To Cure A Cold In One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.
E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. 1y

First Lady—Here's an article, "Do Animals Think?" I wonder if they do? Second Lady—I've noticed that my husband gets off an occasional bright thing.

Not a cent wanted unless you are cured. If you are sick and ailing, take Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea. A great blessing to the human family. Makes you well—keeps you well. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

G. R. WILEY.

Teacher—What did Sir Isaac Newton think when the apple fell on his head?

Bright Boy—Guess he thought he wuz lucky it wuzn't a load of bricks.

Women love a clear healthy complexion. Pure blood makes it. Burdock Blood Bitters makes pure blood.

AMONG THE RUINS.

"I have a perfect horror of ruins," said pretty little Mme. Crozier, shuddering, when an excursion to Arques was proposed. "And it is not mere nervousness that makes me feel so. No, it is a real memory, a memory of what I once lived through, that justifies my horror. Listen and judge for yourselves."

"I was eighteen years old when my father bought the old De Cravon place. The house was modern, but close by, on our lands and a little higher up on the cliff stood the old fortress, castle of the lords of De Cravon, with its ruined but still frowning towers. Several of my friends and cousins, and among them Pierre Crozier, to whom I was then engaged, came to visit us for our house-warming. It was a very happy week. Toward the last, one beautiful moonlight evening, when we were all tired of dancing, I suggested for a change that we go and visit the ruins."

"The proposition was accepted with much enthusiasm, and ten minutes later, warmly wrapped, and carefully admonished by our several mothers and fathers who were absorbed in their game of whist, we started two by two toward the cliff along a hollow way so thickly shaded that the moonlight could scarcely filter through. Behind us and before us, in the darkness, were soft noises of whispering and little bursts of laughter. Suddenly, emerging from the dark path, we came out into the cold, bright moonlight on the top of the cliff, a bare and desolate place. Towering before us, rose the tragic outline of the feudal ruin, cutting the deep, cloudy into strange, fantastic shapes. Its breaches and loopholes, like blind, sightless eyes, seemed to stare forth at the infinite distance of the sky and sea."

"Although surrounded by a merry, laughing group, I suddenly felt overwhelmed with an indefinite oppression of loneliness and sorrow. When we entered the shadow of the gigantic walls I shivered with cold. Pierre and his comrades joked laughingly upon the lords of De Cravon with so much eagerness that I grew uneasy, as if we were intruders and some invisible enemy was listening to our talk. One young girl boldly pierced like an owl, and I trembled as if at a presentiment of peril or misfortune. They made fun of me, but although I realized the foolishness of my fears, I could not drive them away. We sat down inside what must once have been the dining hall, and three of the fellows produced some cakes and wine that they had brought with them, carefully hidden beneath their capes. After our impromptu feast: some one proposed a game of hide and seek among the ruins as a fitting end of our escapade; and I, whose lot it was, blindfolded his eyes and began to count, while we scattered gayly in groups of two or three. One of my cousins dragged me away with her, and we took refuge in the deep shadow of a large, fluted portal. For a moment there were sounds of scurrying feet and low laughter, and then all was silent. Pierre uncovered his eyes and started so determinedly for our portal that I suspected him of having 'peeped.'

"Here he comes! Look! Let us hide somewhere better!" whispered my companion. "We drew back beneath the archway until suddenly she stumbled against something. 'Steps! what luck!' she murmured; 'come on, climb up behind me.' It was a spiral staircase, winding about in total darkness. Pierre's footsteps sounded nearer. Filled with the excitement of the game and fearing nothing so much as being caught, I climbed up and up until I was forced to pause for breath. I could hear nothing above me nor below me, and so far as I could tell from feeling, I seemed to be upon a narrow stair-head."

"Thinking that my cousin was there just in front of me, I advanced along a sort of corridor, calling to her in a whisper, and then, getting no response, in a louder tone. The silence frightened me. I thought, which I later found to be true, that in my haste I had gone past the little landing where she had taken refuge. I tried to go back, but in my growing anxiety, I seemed to do nothing but keep going round and round myself. It made no difference what direction I took I could not find the stairs. The wall I followed seemed to have no end. I was lost."

"I began to call, but my voice only started such heavy, gloomy echoes that I trembled and was silent. Then I lost my head. I rushed wildly up and down the long gallery, beating the wall frantically to find some means of escape. At last I stood still in a stupor of anguish, my mind still with spectral visions and images of murder. Suddenly behind me I heard a soft noise, very light, almost a gliding sound, the soft rubbing against the wall of some invisible beast or person. This was the crowning touch to my terror. I tried to run from it, still following the wall, but suddenly it seemed to disappear beneath my hand, and I felt a sort of nook or corner into which I crowded myself blindly. The mysterious noise was very near then; I crouched in the back of the little corner, drawing back as if I could draw back into the wall itself, when a horrible fear took possession of me, the wall really gave way before my touch, opened and turned upon itself and then closed with a heavy groan and shudder as I lost consciousness and fell back into the ditchy darkness."

"When I opened my eyes again, it was day. I was lying stretched upon the grass, wrapped in many shawls,

and, had it not been for the pale, anxious faces that were bending over me, I should have thought I was just waking from a frightful dream. As I tried to move, a sharp pain ran through my arm, and I fainted again. It was not until several days later that I learned the ending of my tragic adventure. After calling and seeking vainly for me for half an hour, my companions hastened to warn the people at the house and in the village. They came back armed with lanterns, picks, ropes, and ladders. Pierre held to it obstinately that I must be somewhere near the stairway up which he had seen me run, but although they hunted up and down and forward and back, they could not find a trace of me. They thought my poor fiancée would go crazy, and when the dawn began to break they deserted that part of the ruins to hunt among the cellars. I should have been dead now, laid in the thickness of that great wall, if Pierre, moved by love's miraculous intuitions, had not thought to examine the wall from the outside. For the hundredth time he was looking mournfully up at the implacable stones, when he saw a cat, emerging from some crack or crevice, disappearing below in disordered leaps and jumps. I never knew whether this animal, which had frightened me so, had made its home in that little chamber or had fallen there at the same time I did."

"Pierre called the people, and ladders were brought, and he himself climbed up and discovered, beneath the arch, skillfully hidden in the stonework, a little window. They soon made it larger, and it was through this that they gained an entrance to the tiny secret chamber where I lay senseless and hurt. As for trying to find the joint and pivot of the door of the secret trap, whose mechanism I had by chance stumbled upon, it was impossible. The memory of that terrible night remained too confused and troubled for me to have any clear idea of what I did."

"My arm was not long in healing, and when, three months later, I laid it upon Pierre's as we walked to the altar, it had ceased to trouble me at all. But in spite of the fact that they hastened my happiness, I can feel nothing but horror for ruins of any kind, and clo castles in particular." Translated by Susan H. Taber, for the Washington Post.

HE SORTED THEM OUT.

An English Minister Who Greatly Promoted Matrimony.

A clergyman who has just returned from a trip to England tells a story he heard there of the marriages made on certain feast days, when no fee is charged and the young couples come in great numbers a long distance to take advantage of the custom.

The custom is not general, but local, being confined to certain rural places in the vicinity of Manchester and Oldham. "Upon one of those occasions," tells the clergyman, with a chuckle, "a delegation of fifty young people from Oldham and the surrounding country journeyed to Manchester, making a picturesque grouping at the old English Church of St. Mark's. Each one of the men carried a long staff or stick, as the people there call a cane, and each of the young women brandished an umbrella, the use of which will be presently seen."

"After the ceremony of marrying the lot was concluded, and the crowd was going down the church aisles, one young woman hurried back and intercepted the rector as he was going to the vestry."

"I think, meenester," she panted, "that you have married me to the wrong felly!"

"Don't let that worry you," said the rector, who was in a hurry, "sort yourselves as you go out, you're all married fast enough, and acting on his advice they sorted out the right pairs."

Ancient Insurance.

Juvenal in his satires mentions a remarkable business that was carried on in ancient Rome. It consisted of buying houses on fire. The speculator hurried to the scene of the conflagration attended by slaves carrying bags of money and others carrying tools. He judged the chances of salvage and made a bid to the distracted house owner, who was, as a rule, glad to accept anything. The bargain struck in all haste, this earliest of fire insurers set his slaves instantly to work and secured what he could. Sometimes he even put out the flames and so made a coup. It was a business for capitalists, but the poorest who speculated in a small way could hardly lose if he had presence of mind enough to grasp the chances. It was in this way that Crassus laid the foundation of his great wealth. He gradually collected a force of slaves trained as carpenters, masons and such artificers, which finally reached 500 men. Not only did he buy houses on fire, but he also made a bid for those adjoining which stood in danger. His proposals, it is said, were commonly welcome, so helpless were the people and so great the peril. Thus it was that Crassus became the greatest owner of house property in Rome.—New York Independent.

FARM AND GARDEN

WINTER WORK ON THE FARM.

Not So Exacting and Disagreeable As Our Fathers Found It.

The hardy pioneer of fifty years ago did not have as warm clothing as we wear, yet the weather was seldom so cold, as to keep him indoors, and away from his regular labors. Most of us can remember when our fathers, clad in plain jeans and flannel shirt, an undershirt was seldom thought of—with home-knit socks and heavy "stoga" boots, would shoulder ax and maul, and go to the timber to cut wood and make rails on the coldest days of winter. This is all changed, and a good change it is, for with our methods of the new Twentieth Century, with our larger barns and our fuel-saving stoves and furnaces, it is no longer necessary to expose ourselves so much to the wintry blasts.

We still find a man once in awhile, who leaves all of his winter work undone until necessity compels him to do it, but such men are not always our best farmers. It always pays to get the winter fodder under cover before cold weather comes, and to have a plentiful supply of well-seasoned wood ready for the time when we need it most. Stock feeding is a pleasant job when one has only to go to a well-filled mow or crib and get out fodder and grain, but when it becomes necessary to hitch up to the wagon, no matter what the weather may be, and go to the field to haul in grain and forage it becomes a heavy, unpleasant duty, and has caused many a man to rent the farm and move to town.—Farmers Voice.

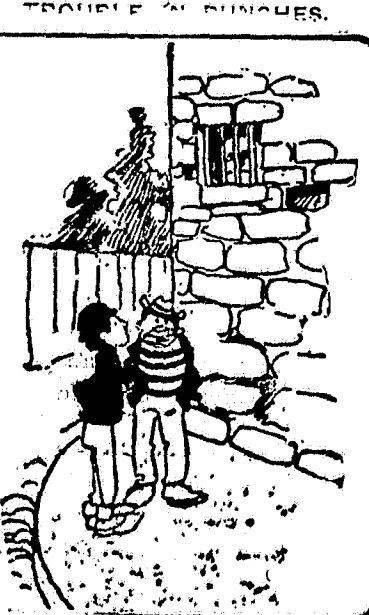
Amateur Orchid Growing.

Many amateurs seem to view these orchids as an aristocratic kind of plant, which are never comfortable and at home with the meaner subjects of the greenhouse. Those who are supposed to know say, however, that there are many varieties indigenous to cooler mountainous regions which may be grown to perfection in the ordinary greenhouse. If one goes in for orchids they must, of course, be prepared to pamper to certain fads and fancies as to position and treatment for which these quaint subjects are noted—such, for instance, as tacking the plants on to blocks of wood or giving them crocks instead of soil. But a keen interest will soon be awakened once the cultural treatment is acquired, and there is always the possibility of obtaining a "sport" or mutant—a new variety worth many times its weight in gold.

The Diamond Cure.

The latest news from Paris, is, that they have discovered a diamond cure for consumption. If you fear consumption or pneumonia, it will, however, be best for you to take that great remedy mentioned by W. T. McGee, of Vaeleer, Tenn. "I had a cough, for fourteen years. Nothing helped me, until I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, which gave instant relief, and effected a permanent cure." Unequaled quick cure, for Throat and Lung Troubles. At all drug stores; price 50c and \$1.00, guaranteed. Trial bottle free.

"On their way back to Oldham they bought the things necessary to light housekeeping, stringing the lighter kitchen utensils on the sticks and umbrellas, poised on their shoulders." Chicago Record-Herald.



"How are you getting on?" asked the citizen of the California vineyard proprietor.

"Nothing but trouble," replied the vineyard man.

"What's wrong now?"

"Oh, some sort of an insect is attacking the grapes."

"Well, that's always the way with trouble. It seems to come in bunches!"

Same Sensation.

Returned Explorer—You don't seem at all appalled at my description of the way I was chased by a boa constrictor.

Miss Fluffy—No; I was chased by a garter snake once, and I know just how you felt.—Detroit Free Press.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

The original
LAXATIVE cough remedy.

The genuine
FOLEY'S HONEY and TAR is in a Yellow package. Refuse substitutes.

Prepared only by
Foley & Company, Chicago.
For Sale by G. R. Wiley.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's
New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION
COUGHS and
COLD
Price 50c & \$1.00
Free Trial.
Surest and Quickest Cure for all
THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES,
OR MONEY BACK.

12,000 Farm Hunters

and more answered our extensive newspaper advertising last year.
In Maine alone we sold 289 farms during '04. If you want to sell, write today for our free farm description blanks.
We require no payment in advance. We use our own money to advertise your property. We sell stores, mills, shops and hotels too.
E. A. STROUT, FARM AGENCY,
150 Nassau St., N.Y. Tremont Temple, BOSTON.

E. C. Bowler, Bethel, Maine,
Agent for Western Oxford.

PARLOR PRIDE STOVE POLISH

LIQUID—READY FOR INSTANT USE

A few drops of Parlor Pride Stove Polish gives the stove a brilliant lustre shine, making the stove fit for the parlor. No soiled hands—easy to apply—always ready. No water used (water used in paste polishes rusts the stove). No dried up paste remains after using a while. PARLOR PRIDE good to the last drop. Sold by all dealers, in Bethel by C. A. Lucas & Main St.

They Cure! Harvard Headache Powders

Will be found to give immediate relief in all cases of Nervous, Neuralgia, and Nick Headache. 25 cents per box.—Prepared and Sold by

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

Mail orders promptly filled.

DESK GIVEN AWAY.
With \$10 worth of our Soaps, Extracts, Spices, Tea, Coffee, Cocoa, Toilet Goods and Standard Groceries. Send at once for our new big catalogue of 300 PREMIUMS.

HOME SUPPLY COMPANY,
Dev. U. Augusta, Me.

ON JUNE 28TH

THE

New England Telephone

& Telegraph Company's

Directory

Goes to press. Why should not

your name be included in this, the

most universal of all Directories?

DeWitt's Witch Salve

For Piles, Burns, Sores.

DeWitt's Witch Salve

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For Piles, Burns, Sores.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Cures Crip in Two Days.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove, on every box. 25c.

The Bethel News

Published Wednesdays by the
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publisher yourself, and don't leave it to the post-
master.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1905.

ADDITIONAL LOCALS.

(Concluded on page 4.)

Mrs. Teresa Grover of South Paris
is visiting in town.Miss Alice French is spending a
few days in Norway.Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Hopkins are
spending two weeks in town.Rob Young of Cambridge, Mass.,
is visiting at H. M. Farwell's.Miss Alice Farwell went to Gil-
ead Tuesday to visit relatives.Mrs. Lewis Sanborn has been very
seriously ill for the past week.Mr. Harry Mason spent Fourth of
July with his mother and sister.Mr. and Mrs. W. Garey went to
Norway Monday, returning Tuesday.The Ladies' Club will meet with
Mrs. J. C. Billings Thursday after-
noon.Mr. Ceylon Rowe has joined the
Bowler party to visit the Pacific
Coast.Miss Augusta Sauhorn of Norway
is visiting her sister, Mrs. Ellen M.
Burbank.It is pleasing to the friends of Mr.
T. J. Foster to see him able to be
out again.Mr. J. C. Billings visited his
daughter, Miss Alice, in Augusta
last week.Miss Mabel Godwin of Andover,
is visiting her grandmother, Mrs.
Roxanna Bean.Mrs. Clinton Metcalf and daugh-
ter Therese are visiting Mrs. Met-
calf's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seth
Walker.Miss Vivian A. Dingley who has
been teaching in Albany has closed
her school and returned to her home
in Hayden Rowe, Mass.Mr. John L. Dyer who has been
teaching in Dennysville during the
spring, was calling on friends in
town Saturday.Miss Ethel Thompson who has
been visiting at the home of Dr.
Sturdivant returned to her home in
Auburn Friday.In the list of pupils in Miss An-
drews' room as given last week for
not being absent, the name Llew-
ellyn Powers should have read Llew-
ellyn Bartlett.The regular monthly business
meeting of the Epworth League will
be held at the home of the secretary,
Miss Lula Arno tomorrow evening
at 7:30 o'clock.Letters addressed as follows are
advertised at the Bethel post office:
Mrs. Bertha Hazelton.
Miss Sarah Wayman.
Mr. Frank Trask.
Mr. Fred White.Mr. Elbridge D. Merrill of Mason
who was recently taken to the Cen-
tral Maine Hospital, suffering from
a bullet wound, died there last
Thursday, and was brought to Ma-
son for burial, services being held
Saturday.The Penny Concert Co., compos-
ed of Misses Margaret and Blanche
Herrick, Mollie Wight, and Gladys
Spearin, gave an entertainment on
Vernon street, Friday evening.
About forty people were present and
a snug sum realized.The party who took the plant and
plant pot from the grave of Reuben
H. Penley in Mayville, last week, is
requested to return the same forth-
with. Mr. Milton Penley says that
if the party tempted had come to
them a nice plant, but inasmuch as
they stole, he must insist on its be-
ing returned.

Ayer's

What are your friends saying
about you? That your gray
hair makes you look old?
And yet, you are not forty!
Postpone this looking old.

Hair Vigor

Use Ayer's Hair Vigor and
restore to your gray hair all
the deep, dark, rich color of
early life. Then be satisfied."Ayer's Hair Vigor restored the natural
color to my gray hair, and I am greatly
pleased. It is all you claim for it."
Mrs. E. J. VANDERBEEK, Mechanicville, N. Y.25¢ a bottle.
All druggists.

for

Dark Hair

J. C. AYER & CO.,
Lowell, Mass.Camp Northfield Began its Eleventh
Season June 26.Camp Northfield, the well known
college man's resort of New Eng-
land, opened June 29 with over
one hundred men safely encamped
among the pines on North Moun-
tain. It is expected that this num-
ber will increase to two hundred be-
fore the middle of July and by the
time the camp closes, September
first, it is probable that there will
have been over five hundred men
registered. The camp was started
ten years ago by D. L. Moody as a
Y. M. C. A. institution but since
that time has broadened out so that
now any young man who is out for
a good clean vacation is welcomed.
Last year new tennis courts and
better boating facilities were put in
and a camp Club House was erected
in honor of Henry Seifert, a former
student manager of the camp who
was killed on the General Slocum.The camp life begins with a rush as
the athletic organizations already
have their games and tournaments
underway. An inter-collegiate field
day and track meet took place July
fourth followed by a series of base
ball games between the different col-
lege delegations who are in North-
field during this period. The camp-
ers are in close touch with the edu-
cational and religious conferences
which are held at Northfield through-
out the summer and are permitted
to attend the platform meetings of
these gatherings.When I interviewed my landlady's
robust, and by no means dull house-
keeper, and, tempted by the handsome
appointments of the rooms, told her I
would take the lower floor if there
were no children around, I should have
stipulated that the garden should re-
main under my supervision and care,
and be regarded as my temporary
property.Knowing that Miss Aureole d'Aurillac
was a lady of a certain age (which
usually means fifty) I should have
sensed enough to provide for eventual-
ties. But, no, I was so charmed with
the space and size of the rooms, the
great circular hall and magnificent
stairway, the ancient rosewood furni-
ture, and the taste so lavishly dis-
played by Fortune d'Aurillac, the house-
keeper told me all about him in his se-
lections of paintings and bibelots, that
the matter of a garden slipped from
my mind.Evidently the present Miss d'Aurillac,
who really ought to drop "Aureole"
from her name, for the flush and
splendor of early dawn, which is re-
calls are too severe a contrast to
wrinkles and gray hair, and middle age
follows the traditions of "autofols,"
and will not condescend to discuss
such trivial matters as the rent of her
beautiful rooms with a parvenu stran-
ger.I have no doubt I am in her mind a
pork packer from the far West, or an
unscrupulous Wall Street jobber,
whose ill-gotten gains she looks down
on with contempt, accepting the month-
ly payments for the privilege of enjoy-
ing these luxurious, ancient and some-
what faded, but beautiful surround-
ings, with a scornful resignation.It was my friend Jules Berritt who
suggested by my driving down here and
taking possession for an indefinite per-
iod, and until urged by some vagrant
impulse to pitch my tent elsewhere,
probably abroad, of this splendid old
residence, whose chambers still seem
to resound with faint sounds of revelry
and laughter.It stands sedate and exclusive, sur-
rounded by its high garden wall two
blocks away—thank God—from the
horrors of the everlasting electric cars,
as run to-day, with clanging bell, and
the infernal rumble of a fast express,
the boon of the present exasperating
civilization.A group of magnolia trees throw a
pleasant shade and serve as a screen
against the intrusion of the afternoon
sun.Pink and purple hydrangea bushes
blossom on either side of broad stone
steps leading down into the garden.The scent of magnolia fuscata bloss-
oms and lilacs de France mingling
with clambering tea roses is a per-
petual invitation to sit on the high
columned porch and indulge in the ab-
surdity of believing that life is idyllic,
that its restless moods mean content-
ment and peace, almost joy, and that
old things—memories among them
may be put away, hidden and forgotten
so that the afternoon quiet of life be
not disturbed by the memory of fool-
ish burning passions of earlier days.For this reason and to preserve an
illusion which at best can only be of
short duration, I should have insisted
on the right of solitary proprietorship
of this beautiful old garden to the ex-
clusion of everyone else.I have been in possession only a few
days, and I am haunted by the antici-
pation of seeing my elderly landlady
go pottering around among the sweet
tangle of bushes and vines with a
basket and scissors. And, who knows?
I may even be dragged into a polite
conversation, the first of a long series
of others to follow.I am neither censorious nor skepti-
cal but every man who has reached the
age of forty has accumulated consider-
able experience of men and women, or
should have done so.I have quite enough knowledge of
the world to realize in all humility
that whatever small attention I may
attract is strictly owing to the worldly
goods I happen to be possessed of, in
rather an unusual allowance. And I
am quite aware that my individuality
is altogether a secondary matter.An hour or two at the club, a few of
the many invitations showered upon
me (or rather on my bank account) ac-
cepted, and resignedly gone through
with, my correspondence dispatched
and business cares laid aside, are the
monotonous accidents of my everyday
life which make my return to the restful
quiet of Fortune d'Aurillac's splen-
did old mansion all the more fascinat-
ing.

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THAT BRIDE.

Belinda will be a bride;
Her gown is white, writes she;
A crepe de chine of finest kind,
That fits entrancingly.The bodice has two hundred tucks,
And fifty yards of lace,
Put round the yoke and down the
front

And every other place.

The skirt is shirred all round the top
And flares out at the feet;
The whole thing, so Belinda says,
Is just too simply sweet.Belinda writes me pages ten,
And all are much the same;
She's told me everything except
The happy bridegroom's name.

—Answers.

LANDLADY'S GARDEN

It would be all very well but for the
garden.Not that I object to grass plots and
flower beds, and these have a charm
of their own, from the old-fashioned
roses and shrubs which abound, and a
noticeable absence of American beau-
ties and other up-to-date flowers, so to
speak.When I interviewed my landlady's
robust, and by no means dull house-
keeper, and, tempted by the handsome
appointments of the rooms, told her I
would take the lower floor if there
were no children around, I should have
stipulated that the garden should re-
main under my supervision and care,
and be regarded as my temporary
property.Knowing that Miss Aureole d'Aurillac
was a lady of a certain age (which
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residence, whose chambers still seem
to resound with faint sounds of revelry
and laughter.It stands sedate and exclusive, sur-
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the infernal rumble of a fast express,
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of some goelette or pleasure craft on
the wind-rippled waters of Bayou St.
John, visible through the big iron gar-
den gate, and the twittering of spar-
rows in the trees, speak of an aloof-
ness from the rush and fret and con-
tention of the outside world which has
for me an indescribable charm."Hello, Harris! What are you do-
ing?" I query from the depths of a
big Russian leather chair, so placed in
the library as to command an outside
view (of which I never, seen to tire)
from the dining room through the fold-
ing doors and draperies of ancient
satin damask shading them."The housekeeper said her mistress
begs you will use them, sir," Harris
explained, placing with the apprecia-
tive care of a born butler some splen-
did pieces of heavy old plate on the
sideboard.Bringing one of them for my inspec-
tion I saw the crest of the d'Aurillac
family heavily engraved, and could
not help but smile at the absurdity of
the ancient maiden who owned this
fine old property, now evidently going
to ruin, keeping heirlooms of such in-
trinsic value shut up in a cupboard in-
stead of selling them and having her
home renovated and the roof retiled.I vaguely wondered as to the per-
sonality of Miss Aureole d'Aurillac,
and I grew indignant to think that the
day was inevitable when I would see
her in the exquisite old garden pot-
tering around and being an eyesore.Well, I have been here over a
month and the dreaded apparition has
not yet materialized.My landlady, who lives in some mys-
terious and always silent region over
head, is apparently invisible to mortal
eye, and to all intents and purposes I
have inherited Fortune d'Aurillac's
splendid old home, along with his rare
collection of art objects, which it must
have taken him long years and much
travel to have collected.Silence reigns, and I never see his
descendant, Miss d'Aurillac. Whether
she is austere, devout and dried up, or
two hundred pounds in weight and
wheezy, she still retains customs and
ideas of Jadis, which are wonderfully
dissimilar from those generally pre-
vailing in our sharp and aggressively
progressive twentieth century.When I came to a realization of the
magnitude of this ancient domain I
wrote a note to Miss d'Aurillac, ex-
plaining that in my opinion the price
stipulated between her housekeeper
and myself was altogether inadequate,
in view of the luxurious and costly
appointments of the rooms.She answered, with thanks for my
suggestion, that the arrangement must
remain as it was.Of course, I sent her no house-flow-
ers and some books, not to be outdone
in the amenities of life by this punc-
tilious old maid, whom apparently I
am not destined to see.Spring has come and gone, and the
early days of summer are here, and
still I linger in Fortune d'Aurillac's
house, where the idle habits of reverie
and almost of content seem to have
taken hold of me.My charmingly discreet landlady,
whose invasion of her own premises I
had so dreaded, remains a secluded
mystery, although one calm night,
when the windows were all open and
I sat until late hours on the porch, I
heard sounds of weeping and the voice
of the housekeeper, in very gentle,
even tender, tones remonstrating
sorrowfully.Hers is certainly a lonely and melan-
choly existence, and, doubtless, like
the rest of us, Miss d'Aurillac has just
cause for occasional tears.There is one bright spot in her exist-
ence, however, which is certainly radi-
ant.It is represented by a young girl
who visits her occasionally, and who
slipping out into the garden to gather
violets one early morning, stood bare-
headed and basked in the sunlight,
looking laughingly up at a window,
where I imagined Miss d'Aurillac
stood, quite unconscious that the "fo-
cataire" of that austere and elderly
maiden was gazing at his heart's con-
tent from the obscurities of the library
at a slim girlish figure in a cool spring
gown, and a face as beautiful as those
which Greuze delighted to immortal-
ize.The deep violet of her eyes and the
red bronze hair, the wild rose flush of
cheek and lips, the grace of attitude,
as she held up her big bunch of vio-
lets, were all dreamed of and painted
by Greuze.Gathering her skirt away from the
dew-wet leaves of the thick border
marking the beds, this fair young girl
ran lightly along, showing two pretty,
slender feet, and disappeared through
a side gate.I can't help but wonder who she is.
Some relative of Miss d'Aurillac, of
course.To her the name of Aureole would be
marvelously suitable, for she recalls to
mind the tender sky tints of early
dawn, the cool freshness of fragrant,
unsullied nature, at break of day, be-
fore the fiery heat of later hours has
scorched and wilted the glorious ex-
uberance of nature, or storms and tem-
pests have ravished and laid waste the
fair domain.I know not her name, but to me she
is Aureole.We made acquaintance this way.
Of course, I knew that whenever she
came to visit her ancient relative,
she would be tempted to come in the
garden, now aglow with its spring
and summer bloom. But only when
I was away.There was no premeditation on my
part, only a caprice of fortune.Deciding to remain at home and get
through a long-delayed correspond-
ence, I ordered my coupe dismissed
and sat to work writing letters.It was getting late, when, having
gotten through, I lit a cigar and saun-
tered out in the garden.She must have just come in, for her
gown was caught in the heavy gate,
and she was trying to get it out with-
out rending the light, fragile material.
"Let me do that. You'll tear it all
to pieces," I said, taking hold of the
gate and her pretty laces.She had dropped her roses, which
I gathered up when I had liberated
her, and holding them for her we
walked up to the house together.I offered to get some of Miss d'Au-
rillac's high-hanging wistaria for her,
and, insensibly, we drifted into a
friendly discussion of various things,
and, to my surprise, her English was
pure and fluent."You have no accent at all," I said,
when pausing before the side gate."Why, no. My mother was an
American," as the Creoles call every-
body who comes from any other part
of the country," she explained, laugh-
ingly.

Then she slipped away.

Aureole—for I will always call her
Aureole—comes often to visit her old
relative, Miss d'Aurillac, that somber
recluse, now that the summer even-
ings are long, and owing to my in-
sistence that she share with me the
glories of the rose bushes and jas-
mine vines, she comes armed with a
basket, and we proceed to business.I now induce her to sit on the stone
terrace when our task is accomplish-
ed, and Harris serves tea and ices.

Of course

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN Hair Renewer

Renews the hair, makes it new again, restores the freshness. Just what you need if your hair is faded or turning gray, for it always restores the color. Stops falling hair, also.

AN OLD-FASHIONED LOVE SONG

Tell me what within her eyes
Makes the forgotten spring arise,
And all the day, if kind she looks,
Flow to a tune like tinkling brooks;
Tell me why, if but her voice
Falls on men's ears, their souls re-
joice;

Tell me why, if only she
Doth come into the company
All spirits straight unkindled are
As if a moon lit up a star.

Tell me this that's writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.

Tell me why the foolish wind
Is to her tresses ever kind,
And only blows them in such wise
As lends her beauty some surprise;
Tell me why no changing year
Can change from spring if she appear;
Tell me why to see her face
Begets in all folk else a grace
That makes them fair, as love of her
Did to a gentler nature stir.

Tell me why, if she but go
Alone across the fields of snow,
All fancies of the springs of old
Within a lover's breast grow bold;
Tell me why, when he sees,<
Within him stirs an April breeze,
And all that in his secret heart
Most sacredly was set apart,
And most was hidden, then awakes,
At the sweet joy her coming makes.

Tell me what is writ above,
And I will tell you why I love.
—H. C. Bunker.

Bent Her Double.

"I knew no one, for four weeks, when I was sick with typhoid and kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Annie Hunter, of Pittsburg, Pa., "and when I got better, although I had one of the best doctors I could get, I was bent double, and had to rest my hands on my knees when I walked. From this terrible affliction I was rescued by Electric Bitters, which restored my health and strength, and now I can walk as straight as ever. They are simply wonderful." Guaranteed to cure stomach, liver and kidney disorders; at all drug stores; price 50c. B

Some Day.

Maudie—Isn't that new process of photographing through solid substances a wonderful thing? How I do wish to get a photograph of Algy's brain.

"Why, do you think there is anything the matter with his brain?"

"No, but I want to be sure he has one before I marry him."—Chicago News.

An Elastic Statement.

The new reporter, in his story of the wedding, wrote, "The floral display stretched from the chancel rail to the doors of the church."

The city editor, in a mild manner, as is the custom of city editors with new reporters, said:

"Couldn't you have used a better word than 'stretched'? Say the floral display 'nodded' or 'twined' or something like that—some word more suggestive of flowers."

"Stretched" is all right in this case," replied the new reporter, with the stubborn courage of a realist. "The decorations consisted of six rubber plants, and they had to stretch to cover the distance."—Baltimore American.

Pleasant Fellow.

Miss Plane—It's very flattering Mr. Chumpley, to have you ask me for so many dances, but what will your fiancée think?

Mr. Chumpley—Oh! she'll get mad as a hatter; that's what I'm doing it for. We've quarreled, you know.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Linguistic Railway Employees.

The administration of the Swedish state railways has ordered that all the passenger guards be taught English and German at the expense of the state, this being one of the several methods adopted to attract tourists to Scandinavia.

Doctors said He would not Live.

Peter Fry, Woodruff, Pa., writes "After doctoring for two years with the best physicians in Waynesburg, and still getting worse, the doctors advised me if I had any business to attend to I had better attend to it at once, as I could not possibly live another month as there was no cure for me. Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me by a friend, and I immediately sent my son to the store for it and after taking three bottles I began to get better and continued to improve until I was entirely well." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beers & Co. Philadelphia

His Little Ail.

It is a pity to spoil a good moral, but it is some times done when a story is excavated to its foundations. This story is, however, good enough to stand on its own feet:

"When I came to town, twenty years ago," said a prosperous man of ample waistcoat, "all my earthly possessions were wrapped up in a red bandanna handkerchief."

"And now you own 300 acres of land and that factory on the edge of the town?"

"Yes."

"May I ask what you carried in the red bandanna handkerchief?"

"Thirty thousand dollars in cash and bonds."—London Outlook.

He Wasn't to Be Fooled by a Sign

An old fellow from one of Portland's most remote suburbs, while passing a certain hardware store in that city the other day, noticed a sign which read: "Cast Iron Sinks." The old fellow chuckled softly to himself, then gradually, as the absurdity of it dawned upon him more forcibly, he broke into a loud guffaw. A passerby, attracted by the apparently unseemly mirth of the old man, made bold to ask what amused him so. "Why, go down it," he spluttered between spasms "of some folks air not gettin' ter be reg'lar durn fools. The idee uv hangin' up er sign tellin' people that 'cast iron sinks.'"—Lewiston Evening Journal.

Poultry need a good, dry dusting place. They like it better on a level with the floor of the poultry house than to climb into a box. Over-feeding or keeping on corn and other fattening food is quite as frequent a cause for hens failing to lay as lack of food.

Subtle minds are usually submissive only when submission serves their own interests.—Chicago News.

No, Cordelia, a woman isn't necessarily out of yarn when she knits her brows.

The Original.

Foley & Co., Chicago, originated Honey & Tar as a throat and lung remedy, and on account of the great merit and popularity of Foley's Honey and Tar many imitations are offered for the genuine. Ask for Foley's Honey and Tar and refuse any "substitute" offered as "no other preparation will give the same satisfaction. It is mildly laxative. It contains no opiates and is safest for children and delicate persons. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

What's in a name is nicely illustrated by the experience of a business man who advertised for five auburn-haired girls and received so many answers that it required the fire department to keep down the heat, while another advertised for red-headed girls and got a frost.

She Tried Five Doctors.

Mrs. Frances L. Sales, of Missouri Valley, Ia., writes "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble five years; had severe pains in my back and a frequent desire to urinate. When riding I experienced much pain over the region of the kidneys. I tried five physicians without benefit and then concluded to try Foley's Kidney Cure. After taking three \$1.00 bottles I was completely cured." Sold by G. R. Wiley.

Dyspepsia in Cattle.

When dyspepsia becomes chronic the appetite is irregular and is depraved. That is, the animal licks walls, stones or anything with which it comes in contact and takes up dirt and filth of any kind. The coat begins to stare and the animal has a dull, dejected appearance. There should be cleanliness in surroundings, pure drinking water, bathing in warm water and rubbing and currying to promote healthy action and give, in morning and evening, two drams of carbonate of soda, half an ounce of sulphur and half an ounce of gentian.

The City of Cigars.

The little City of Tampa is one of the liveliest and most progressive towns of the South. With a population of about 30,000 it has a weekly cash payroll approaching \$200,000, which goes into the hands of a class that believes in a speedy disbursement of coin. There are 160 cigar factories, big and little, and there is scarcely a town in the United States that is not a buyer of the Tampa output.—Washington Post.

Concrete Floors in Switzerland. In Switzerland concrete floors are made with hollow beams, which are one part cement to four of coarse sand. They can support four times as much weight as wooden beams, are fireproof, and easily placed. Being hollow, they protect against extremes of heat and cold, and may be warmed by passing hot air through them.

Death of John Hay.

John Hay, Secretary of State, died at his summer home, Lake Sunapee, N. H., July 1, at the age of 66 years. In the death of Mr. Hay the country sustains a serious loss. He began his public service as a close companion to Abraham Lincoln, and for nearly forty years has served his country faithfully and well.

The funeral took place this morning in Cleveland, Ohio; interment being made in Lakeview cemetery. All arrangements in regard to the funeral were of the simplest character which was the desire of the family.

By order of the president all flags on public buildings are displayed at half mast, to-day, and on all forts, military posts, naval stations, and our embassies in foreign countries, for ten days, out of respect for the deceased.

Safeguard the Children.

Notwithstanding all that is done by boards of health and charitably inclined persons, the death rate among small children is very high during the hot weather of the summer months in the large cities.

There is not probably one case of bowel complaint in a hundred, however, that could not be cured by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that L. W. Blanchard of Rumford Falls and Fred Bean Merrill of Bethel have made application to the State Board of Bar Examiners for examination for admission to the Bar at the next session of the Board to be held at Portland on the first Tuesday of August, 1905.

JOHN B. MADIGAN,
7W3 Secretary of the Board.

King Edward VII. always carries a "first aid to the injured" outfit in his automobile.

A statue is to be erected to George Washington in Buda-Pesth, Hungary, as a return compliment to the statue erected to Kossuth in Cleveland, O.

Where are you sick? Headache, foul-tongue, no appetite, lack energy, pain in your stomach, constipation. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea will make you well and keep you well. 35 cents.

G. R. Wiley

The most costly picture frame in world is said to be that which incloses the "Virgin and Child" in the Milan Cathedral. It is made of hammered gold and is worth \$125,000.

They say "to-morrow never comes." I'd bid good-bye to sorrow. If it did not, for I have got A note to meet to-morrow.

"No man is so low," remarked the citizen who is fond of moral reflections, "but what there is some one lower."

"That's so," assented the fat citizen. "Even the tainted oil millionaire can look down on the chap who puts pig-iron into life-preservers."

He—Do you think it unlucky to marry on Friday?

She—Of course. Friday is no exception.

Three Good and Just Reasons.

There are three reasons why mothers prefer One Minute Cough Cure: First, It is absolutely harmless; Second, It tastes good—children love it; Third, It cures Coughs, Croup and Whooping Cough when other remedies fail. Sold by G. R. Wiley. DW

Healthy Children

It needs only a little watchfulness to keep children in good health. Look for the symptoms of little ailments and treat them promptly to ward off more serious sickness.

Dr. True's ELIXIR

COOL AND PLUCKY.

She Wanted to Know if Her Hat Had Remained Straight.

Mrs. G. W. Commeline, the wife of Col. Commeline of the Royal Engineers, who was in New York last week en route to join her husband, lately ordered to Bermuda, was the heroine recently of an adventure in which the courage she displayed is still the talk of garrison circles at the British port of Plymouth, Mrs. Commeline was driving a dogcart near the town when the Border Regiment, under command of Col. Owens, came swinging along to the strains of a lively march. As the band approached, the horse took fright and bolted, and the groom was hurled from his seat.

Mrs. Commeline planted her little feet firmly against the dashboard and pulled with all her might, but the frantic animal tore on along the long straight country road at full speed. The drivers of a couple of trams tried to make way by drawing their vehicles one to the left and the other to the right. The bolting horse made for the narrow opening, and in passing through both wheels of the dogcart were torn off.

The jolt nearly pitched Mrs. Commeline out, but she recovered her seat and held firmly to the reins, though her arms were nearly pulled from their sockets by the strain to which they were being subjected. The dogcart went bumping over the road at a terrific rate, with Col. Owens, the other officers, the ambulance, and half the men of the regiment in wild pursuit. The runaway became exhausted where the road, a mile further, took an upward course, and Mrs. Commeline recovered control and brought him to a stop.

Col. Owens, pale with excitement and concern, was the first to come up. "Are you hurt, Madam?" he asked anxiously, as he assisted her to alight. "No," gasped Mrs. Commeline. "Is my hat—on—straight?" The look of astonishment that came into the Colonel's face quickly gave place to one of admiration and amusement.

"By Jove, ma'am," he exclaimed with a bow and a smile. "You deserve the Victoria Cross."—New York Times.

You Shine.

Rays of light emanating from the human body, and visible to the eyes of some of the lower animals, form the interesting scientific discovery announced as having been made by accident by Professor A. W. Goodspeed.

Divested of its technical terms, Professor Goodspeed's discovery means that the rays of light shed from a living body may have sufficient intensity, although invisible to the human eye, to produce a picture on a plate properly sensitized and in a room pitch dark.

The discovery was made while X-ray photographs were being taken. While an iron tripod stand, with a ring-shaped top, as a support for a photographic plate was being used, it was observed that the plate, when exposed to the rays, was affected by the iron ring below.

Puzzled at the seeming departure from the rules the operator attempted to discover the cause. In so doing, one of his assistants placed his hand below the plate.

The result was an imperfect radiograph of the bones of the human hand, like those obtained from the Roentgen rays when experiment in that line was in its first stages.

It was so entirely new that Professor Goodspeed was perplexed. He tried again and again. Every time a human hand was placed within the proper focus the same amazing phenomena followed. The experiments were continued for three months, and the conclusion of Professor Goodspeed was not announced until he had satisfied himself beyond all question of the correctness of his results.

Another Mosquito Disease?

According to Dr. Graham, of Beirut, another disease is to be set down against the mosquito, namely, dengue fever, variously called Africa fever, break-bone fever, gripe fever, dandy fever, etc. The disease is an acute eruptive fever, rarely fatal, but leaving various disagreeable sequelae—paralysis, insomnia, marked mental and physical prostration, etc. It occurs in hot climates, and in the Southern States during the last fifty years several serious epidemics have occurred.

Dr. Graham found that he could regularly produce an attack of dengue in a non-immune by submitting the latter to the attack of mosquitoes to a mountain town 3,000 feet in altitude, where there were no mosquitoes and no dengue. One of the natives was shut up in the room with the mosquitoes, and on the fourth day came down with a sharp attack of dengue, and a second presented the typical symptoms on the fifth day. The mosquitoes were immediately destroyed, and no further cases occurred.

Dr. Graham also claims to have discovered the germ which causes dengue in both human blood and the stomach of the mosquito. It resembles some forms of the malarial parasite.

A Cablegram of Condolence. When the news of the assassination of King Alexander and Queen Draga reached the State Department at Washington there was some discussion about the propriety of sending a cablegram of condolence.

"No, no," said Third Assistant Secretary Adee, "nothing is to be done in a case of this kind. Besides, there's nobody to send it to. The King and Queen are dead and the government has no head."

"Why not send it addressed 'To Whom It May Concern?' asked a demure, young stenographer.—Saturday Evening Post.

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Sections 5c. each
WORCESTER BUCKEYE,
ADRIANCE BUCKEYE,
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MACHINES,

Pitman Rods, Pitman Boxes, Pitman Heads, Split Links, Springs, Bolt, Guard Fingers, Guard Plates, etc. for all these machines. Rake Teeth and Bolts,—In fact, supplies of every kind and nature for all rakes and mowers; also

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THE STANDARD PENS EVERYWHERE. 150 Styles Fine, Medium and Broad Points. Sold by All Stationers.
Works, Camden, N. J. ESTERBROOK STEEL PEN CO. 26 John St., New York.

Women's Russet Blucher Oxfords

For \$1.75. We have a fine line of Women's Russet Vici Blucher Oxfords, light sole, for \$1.75, in C, D, E and EE widths. Russet Shoes are very stylish this year, and you can find all kinds here.

Smiley Shoe Store, Norway, Maine.

OPERA HOUSE BLOCK, NORWAY, MAINE.

E. N. Swett, Mgr. and Salesman. F. W. Faunce, Salesman.
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Probably the most useful section of all is Dr. Albert Shaw's illustrated "Progress of the World," where public events and issues are authoritatively and lucidly explained in every issue. Many a subscriber writes, "This department alone is worth more than the price of the magazine." The unique cartoon department, depicting current history in caricature, is another favorite. The Review of Reviews covers five continents, and yet is American, fine and foremost.
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Confidential correspondence, especially with physicians, solicited. Write today.
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REACH THE SPOT.

To cure an aching back,
The pains of rheumatism,
The tired-out feelings,
You must reach the spot—get at the source.

In most cases 'tis the kidneys.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys.



Charles Bierbach, stone contractor, living at 2625 Chestnut St., Erie, Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble, and there was such a severe pain through my joints and limbs that I could not stoop or straighten up without great pain, had difficulty in getting about and was unable to rest at night, arising in the morning tired and worn out. The kidney secretions were irregular and deposited a heavy sediment. Doctors treated me for rheumatism, but failed to help me. I lost all confidence in medicine, but Doan's Kidney Pills relieved me so quickly and so thoroughly that I gladly made a statement to that effect for publication. This was in 1898, and during the six years which have elapsed I have never known Doan's Kidney Pills to fail."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bierbach will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists; price, 50 cents per box.

Representative Littlefield tells of a "bad quarter of an hour" he recently experienced in New York. He was on his way home from Washington, accompanied by his wife. They stopped over in New York for a few hours, and, having completed their shopping they stepped into a restaurant for a light lunch before going to their train. When they had finished, and the waiter had presented a check for 60 cents, Mr. Littlefield felt for his pocket book. It was gone, and not a cent did either of them have. He tried to telephone to friends whose places of business were in that section of the city, but it was a public holiday and none of them were in. He told the cashier his situation, explained who he was and how he came to be there without money. The cashier was glad to see him, etc. But that made no difference—he would not charge any more on that account; the lunches were 60 cents, and hurry up please. Mr. Littlefield offered to leave his watch as surety, but the cashier had no use for it and wanted the change. Finally, leaving Mrs. Littlefield as security during his temporary absence, he went out and found a pawn broker and spouted his valuable gold watch for \$10, and cleared up the difficulty. Fortunately, the railroad tickets were safe and they got home without further adventure. Later on Mr. Littlefield received his pocket-book and its contents intact, it having been found by a New Jersey man in the car, and returned to the address found with it.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

This remedy is certain to be needed in almost every home before the summer is over. It can always be depended upon even in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is especially valuable for summer disorders in children. It is pleasant to take and never fails to give prompt relief. Why not buy it now? It may save life. For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel; E. L. Tabbetts, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead.

Miss Estelle Reel, who has recently been appointed National Superintendent of Indian schools for the third time, was the first woman to be appointed to an office by President Roosevelt, and the only one to be given a place of importance. She is probably the only woman holding office under the National Government who carved her way to it by her own political efforts.

A Smooth Article.

When you find it necessary to use salve use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It is the purest, and best for Sores, Burns, Boils, Eczema, Blind, Bleeding, Itching or Protruding Piles. Get the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by G. R. Wiley.

The Laborer and the Bum.

How often in life we see the men, who, by their outward appearance are perfect gentlemen. Men whose lives and characters are blacker than the darkest night. Men who occupy prominent positions in society simply because they wear fine clothes and have a few dollars in their pockets won in some poker game or inherited from an honest, upright and industrious ancestor. But follow the lives of these young men for just a few brief years and see what the end is. Soon they commence to go down the sunny side of life which is marked and blackened by deeds of atrocity and crime that to-day form the bold headings for so many newspaper articles that bring a shudder to everyone. Where does this class of men come from? They come from the class of boys that never know what is to do an honest day's work. Boys who will not work unless they get just a little more than the boy who works from early till late, six days a week, four weeks in the month and twelve months in the year.

On the other hand we oftentimes see a young man with poor parents, perhaps an aged mother, younger brothers and sisters whose living depends on what that young man does. How often we hear the first named class casting slurring remarks at the hard working young man as he comes from his work of nights, tired and weary from honest labor. Follow that young man through life and see his future. Some day he will be the president of some great railroad corporation or the owner of some great mercantile establishment. Yes, he is the coming Lincoln, Vanderbilt or Edison of the future.

Now note the contrast of these two classes of young men. Which class do you belong to? Are you one whose life is one of busy activity at work, or are you one of those perpetual loafers whose only occupation is to sit around on the corners and whittle in a loafing match and cuss the government because it does not give you a pension?

Forced to Starve.

B. F. Leek, of Concord, Ky., says: "For 20 years I suffered agonies, with a sore on my upper lip, so painful, sometimes that I could not eat. After vainly trying everything else, I cured it with Bucklen's Arnica Salve." It's great for burns, cuts and wounds. At all drug stores. Only 25c.

CANADA CLAIMS THE HONOR.

Demonstration of Application of Wireless Telegraphy to Fast Moving Trains, First Made on the Grand Trunk between Toronto and Montreal.

In a report from Chicago announcing that the Chicago & Alton will establish a system of wireless telegraphs on all its lines running between Chicago and St. Louis, President Felton, of the C. & A. R. was quoted as having said, in regard to a demonstration made of the system on the company's line on Thursday: "This is the first time that the wireless system has ever been used to communicate with persons on a moving train." The Grand Trunk Railway System has the distinction of having been the first railroad to use the wireless system for the exchange of signals between a moving train and a station. The demonstration was made on the occasion of the 47th annual meeting of the American Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, held at Portland, Me., in October, 1902. The company ran a special train through from Chicago to Montreal and thence to Portland. One of the principal attractions offered to their guests by the Grand Trunk was a successful demonstration of wireless telegraphy to a moving train, made by Dr. Rutherford, D. Sc., F. R. C. S., (who has recently won great fame through his investigations of Radium) and Dr. Howard T. Barnes, D. Sc., F. R. C. S., both of McGill University. St. Dominique, a station in the province of Quebec, was selected from this point continuous communication was kept up with the train (which was running at a speed of 60 miles an hour), for several miles.

DESERT SCREECH-OWL.

Some of the Characteristics of This Peculiar Bird.

In Arizona the owls live mostly in holes in the ground and in holes in the giant cactus. It would be contrary to their predatory nature to dig their own holes or yet to build nests of sticks while there were other available nesting places. So every springtime there is a lot of trouble among the desert chipmunks and ground squirrels until the burrowing owls have chosen their holes and settled down for the season. Similarly the Gila woodpeckers and gilded flickers have no assurance that their holes in the saguaros are their own until after the screech owls and pigmy owls have been established in comfort. Possession is all the law there is in the Arizona cactus and desert, and, in case of a dispute, the owls eat little chipmunks and flickers, anyway.

All day in the cool depths of his hole the screech owl hides from the heat and glare. As the sun sinks he comes out and flits silently toward the river bottom, where the mice and kangaroo rats are already beginning to play on the sand patches and to bustle through the willows and arrowweed thickets. The quail and smaller birds are hid away in the bushes, and around the old logs and stumps great yellow scorpions and beetles are picking their way. At the slightest movement of a blade of grass the screech owl swoops to the ground, and when he is not ranging the flats for mammals, he is searching bunches of mistletoe and dense mesquite trees for the birds which he hidden here.

He does not scorn the scorpion and beetles, nor yet grasshoppers and smaller bugs. At the same time he will tackle rabbit or twitch a pocket gopher from his hole by the head. He swallows his prey whole, and, after digestion has taken place, throws out the bones and fur in the shape of pellets. It is by looking for pellets beneath woodpeckers' holes in cottonwoods and saguaros that naturalists are able to locate the homes of these owls.—Country Life in America.

Gen. Kuropatkin's Fearlessness.

Gen. Kuropatkin's hold over men is due to his reputation for absolute fearlessness. Five years ago he received the information that the great powder magazine at St. Petersburg and that at Toulon, France, were to be blown up within twenty-four hours. The general was in bed when he heard the news, but he at once got up and started for St. Petersburg without losing a moment. He summoned all the staff of the magazine and went on a round of inspection. He found everything in order, and as a proof of his satisfaction ordered every one in the magazine to take three days' holiday and to leave at once. He then collected a new garrison and a new staff and set a ring of sentries all round the magazine. The consequence was that nothing happened to St. Petersburg magazine, but that at Toulon was blown up the next day.

The Cathedral of Alexander Nevskoi St. Petersburg, is said to have the finest choir in the world. It is composed of about thirty of the best voices in the Russian monasteries. Whenever a novice entered he is sent to the monastery of Alexander Nevskoi, where he is trained as carefully as an opera singer, and remains there doing nothing except assisting at the music at mass in the morning, and vespers in the afternoon until he becomes aged, when he is retired on a pension.

Russia's "Minstrel Boy."

The minstrel boy to the war has gone, or is going. It is announced by the Novosti that a number of venerable Kobzars are proceeding to Manchuria to encourage the young soldiers to fight—a Kobzar being a species of Russian bard, who chants rousing songs to the accompaniment of a kind of harp. Doubtless the Kobzars will not follow the example of the minstrel Tullieff, who rode into action in front of the whole Norman army at the battle of Hastings, "tossing his sword in the air and catching it again, while he chanted the song of Roland," and was the first to fall. The tendency of modern armies is to economize their musicians.—London Outlook.

Russia's "Two-Headed Eagle."

Russia's imperial two-headed eagle was first assumed by Ivan Basilovitch, when in 1472 he married Sophia, daughter of Thomas Palaeologus, and niece of Constantine XIV, the last emperor of Byzantium. The two heads symbolize the eastern or Byzantine empire and the western or Roman empire.

What Makes the Japs Short.

Some observers say that in all probability the next generation, or the next but one, of the Japanese will be as tall as the average European. It is the custom of sitting upon the ankles, instead of upon a chair, that explains the shortness of the Japanese leg. The arteries are linked by the cramped position, and so the growing bones are not properly nourished. The Japanese spine is just of a length with that of the average European or American. Indeed, all persons differ in height rather by reason of leg than of back. The length of the spinal column is singularly constant among various individuals and races.

Dolls are displayed in the cottage windows of Servia. They are intended as a sign to wayfarers that a marriageable daughter dwells in the house.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race; where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond all praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

For Sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, Maine.

The Czar holds some \$6,000,000 worth of stock in the Pennsylvania railroad, the New Jersey Central, the New York Central and the Canadian Pacific, which yields him handsome returns.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

The Ryerson Place in Bethel. Fine Country Place in Mayville, near Bethel. About 135 acres, 35 tillage, 100 pasture, wood and timber. Cuts a good lot of hay. In good cultivation. Large two-story house with spacious ell and shed connected, 25 rooms; 2 large barns, 40x100 and 30x75. Water in house and barn. All in excellent repair. House has been used as hotel by owners, but was built for private house. Has been much improved lately. Location is unexcelled for health, business, home life, or summer resort. Situated in the bend of the river, with fine view of the mountains; fronted by broad level intervals, backed by fine forests; first class community.

Upon the farm is the trotting course of the Riverside Park Association which with all buildings, goes with the farm. One of the most attractive and desirable places in the State. Excellent for summer boarders. Owner sells because the recent death of her son renders her unable to manage place. Price, \$10,000 on easy terms. Apply to HERRICK & PARK, Bethel, Me.

Farm for Sale.

A nice farm situated in Lewiston within three miles of the city, on electric road; fifty acres of land, about equally divided as to pasture and tillage land; has thirty or forty fruit trees; a spring of pure water near house, also nice well water, excellent set of farm buildings including large hen house, new; cellar under house, ell and stable; excellent land to cultivate, and cuts twenty-five tons of hay; early land, and excellent markets for vegetables, berries and all farm produce; never failing brook runs through the pasture. Will sell at a bargain and on easy terms. For particulars inquire of, or address, B. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Maine.

PROBATE NOTICES.

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named: At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of June in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and five. The following matter having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby notified that notice thereof is given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in The Bethel News, a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the third Tuesday of July, A. D. 1905, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

TIMOTHY J. CHAPMAN, late of Gilead, deceased; petition that E. T. Peabody be appointed trustee under the will of said deceased to fill vacancy caused by the death of Henry Wright, a former trustee, presented by T. G. Lary, a trustee under said will.

HELEN E. BISBEE of Bethel, ward; petition to license to sell and convey real estate presented by Fannie W. Bisbee, guardian.

MARIA F. ATHERTON, late of Bethel, deceased; petition for determination of intestate inheritance presented by H. H. Hastings, Administrator.

ADDISON E. HERRICK, Judge of said Court. A true copy—attest: ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of FRANK W. BARKER, late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. 306 June 20th, 1905. Elery C. Park.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed administrator of the estate of EMILY B. CHAPMAN late of Bethel, in the County of Oxford, deceased. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately. 306 June 20th, 1905. Ralph E. Chapman.

IRA C. JORDAN, Dealer in General Merchandise and GRAIN, BETHEL, MAINE.

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FOR SALE BY G. R. WILEY, BETHEL, MAINE.

THE HOME

"Nothing is difficult; who are indolent."

The economy of saving, but there is an spending time. In reading, hurry is most wasteful. The making of ideas, of pictures in the young photographers' little is to be made out of exposed plate," but do stand that there may be as an underexposed brain time to make impressions. If you read too aloud or to yourself, your reading, the mind impressions or none imphasias.

The Woman in Business

Quiet dignity and respect characteristics that the ear worker will do well to. They can usually be to inspire respectful to the maximum salary.

There is no longer as to woman's capacity, the only question is. There is a fascination ing and spending one's Women save more the. The manager of the work ment of one of the true told me that the gain in ment for the year 19 accounts, and a bank a rule rather than the ex the working woman.

that the next generation women will be better financed, less improvident able and command better. The difference between women in business, will. A man begins life with that upon his success, depends all other good ladder which we must all that is most desirable woman rarely achieves after she has turned stained page whereon is happiest hours. If she a business career before are 10 to one that she w it without a shadow take up the vocation divine plan originally —motherhood.

Women learn patience, economy and business life. They are to be helpmeets and co they marry, and I he with the Eastern profess that if there were no c interest as represented or business, any man would drift apart in five. For the earnest work man or woman, there. There is no sex in business woman who receives a should, and I think do do just as much work as well as a man.—Eliza James in the St. Louis Crat.

A Surprise Plan

A pleasant surprise given to your stomach taking a medicine which lieve their pain and dis Dr. King's New Life are a most wonderful remedy sure relief and cure, for indigestion and constipation all drug stores.

Typewriting records of ment departments have recently by Miss Laura stenographer in the p who wrote 36,000 words seven and one-half hour formance is regarded as and the record is likely a long time. Last week patent office clerks did in a day.

SUPPO

SCOTT'S EMULSION bridge to carry the we starved system along until firm support in ordinary food. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, C 409-415 Pearl Street, sec. And \$1.00; all druggists.

THE HOME.

"Nothing is difficult; it is only we who are indolent."

The economy of saving time is wise, but there is an economy of spending time. In reading, especially, hurry is most wasteful. Reading is the making of thoughts, of ideas, of pictures in the brain. All young photographers know how little is to be made out of an "under-exposed plate," but do they understand that there may be such a thing as an underexposed brain? It takes time to make impressions on the mind. If you read too fast, either aloud or to yourself, or skim over your reading, the mind receives poor impressions or none at all.—St. Nicholas.

The Woman in Business.

Quiet dignity and reserve are characteristics that the earnest woman worker will do well to cultivate. They can usually be counted upon to inspire respectful treatment and the maximum salary.

There is no longer any question as to woman's capacity for business; the only question is of endurance. There is a fascination about earning and spending one's own money. Women save more than formerly. The manager of the woman's department of one of the trust companies told me that the gain in her department for the year 1904 was 4,000 accounts, and a bank account is the rule rather than the exception with the working woman. This means that the next generation of working women will be better informed on finance, less improvident, more valuable and command better wages.

The difference between men and women in business will adjust itself. A man begins life with the fixed idea that upon his success in business depends all other good gifts. It is a ladder which we must climb to reach all that is most desirable in life. A woman rarely achieves success until after she has turned down a tear stained page whereon is recorded her happiest hours. If she enter upon a business career before the chances are so to one that she will relinquish it without a shadow of a regret to take up the vocation for which the divine plan originally intended her—motherhood.

Women learn patience, forbearance, economy and discretion in a business life. They are better fitted to be helpmeets and comrades when they marry, and I heartily agree with the Eastern professor who said that if there were no community of interest as represented by children or business, any married couple would drift apart in five years. For the earnest worker, whether man or woman, there is success. There is no sex in business, and the woman who receives a man's salary should, and I think does, expect to do just as much work and do it just as well as a man.—Elizabeth Beerly James in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Surprise Party.

A pleasant surprise party may be given to your stomach and liver by taking a medicine which will relieve their pain and discomfort, viz: Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are a most wonderful remedy, affording sure relief and cure, for headache, dizziness and constipation. 25c at all drug stores.

Typewriting records of the government departments have been broken recently by Miss Laura Hopkins, a stenographer in the patent office, who wrote 30,000 words in a day of seven and one-half hours. Her performance is regarded as remarkable, and the record is likely to stand for a long time. Last week one of the patent office clerks did 29,000 words in a day.

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SCOTT'S EMULSION serves as a bridge to carry the weakened and starved system along until it can find firm support in ordinary food.

Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409-415 Pearl Street, New York. 50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Four Facts For Sick Women To Consider

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Has an Unequalled Record of Cures—Mrs. Pinkham's Advice Is Confidential, Free, and Always Helpful

FIRST.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, displacements of the uterus, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

SECOND.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, all uterine and ovarian inflammation, weakness and displacements, regulating menstruation perfectly and overcoming its pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the change of life.

THIRD.—The great volume of unsolicited and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

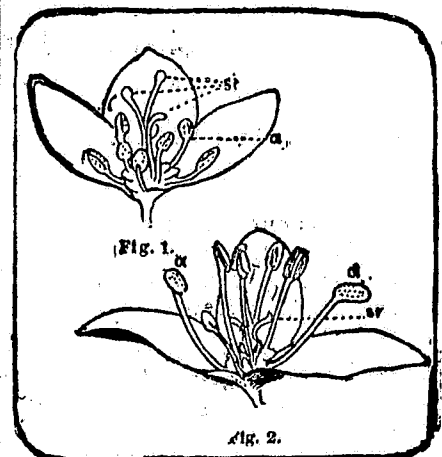
FOURTH.—Every ailing woman in the United States is asked to accept the following invitation: It is free, will bring you health and may save your life.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

Types of Buckwheat Flowers

Important Lesson Drawn From Their Study.

The blossoms of the common field buckwheat furnish an interesting illustration of two distinct forms of flowers in the same species or kind of plant. For example, one buckwheat plant will have all its blossoms of one type and another plant will bear flowers which differ materially from the first, but are very uniform among themselves. In other words, the flowers of any one plant are all alike in structure, but when all buckwheat plants are considered there are two distinct kinds. These two sorts are found in about equal numbers upon any large area of ground; in short, they are intimately associated in the field, but because of the smallness of the blossoms, are not usually distinguished. There is, however, an important lesson of general application to be drawn from a consideration of the two types of the buckwheat flower.



BUCKWHEAT FLOWERS.

The two kinds of blossoms differ in two essentials, namely, the length of the stems and of the pistils. In the flower shown in Fig. 1 the pistil is divided into three parts at the top (st) and the tips extend some distance above the pollen pouches (a) situated quite close around the base of the pistil. In the other flower, Fig. 2, the opposite conditions are present: the pistil tips (st) are low—not half as high as in Fig. 1, while the stamens (a) are long. If measurements are taken it is determined that the stamens of one flower are on a level with tips of the pistils in the other, and the pistil tips are as high as the stamens in the other flower.

Buckwheat flowers are frequented by bees for the honey they secrete in abundance from eight yellow glands at the base of the stamens. These insects go rapidly from flower to flower and do not confine their attention to one sort. It may be that the bees make no distinction, and there is no apparent reason that they should, as both abound in nectar. It is easy to see that a large insect like the honey bee, in visiting such flowers, would have one portion of its body dusted with pollen from the short stamens and another with that from the long stamens, and at the same time it brushes the pollen of each upon receptive tips of pistils of corresponding lengths.

This seemingly slight difference of a quarter of an inch is a distance that cannot be disregarded, and nature will persist with these types, whether men recognize them or not, until a better method of securing wide fertilization is secured through the slow process of adaptation and the survival of the most approved forms.

BELMONT'S HARDNESS OF HEART.

For aught they knew to the contrary, he might have risen from the ground at their feet, so ignorant were they of his presence till his whining plea for "just ten cents, mister, to buy a bed" struck on their ears. Belmont turned sharply, and his answer was a curt refusal, for he hated beggars just one degree more than he did the man who comes to your door with a monstrosity of a clock tucked under his arm and rugs covered with all manner of impossible green and yellow roses draped about his person offering to sell you the same "for \$2.49, 50 cents a week, lady." For some inexplicable reason the sight of a rug and clock man headed in his direction always stirred Belmont to a perfect frenzy of impotent rage. "D'you s'pose," he was wont to demand indignantly, "the fellow thinks I look like the sort of a chap who could allow things like that on my parlor floor?"

Should the vender of rugs prove importunate, Belmont scrupled not to suggest his speedy departure for a place where, for purpose of warmth, rugs would be entirely superfluous.

Only the presence of the girl who walked at Belmont's side saved the beggar from being relegated to the same place of rather more than tropical climate. "Yer wants allers to tackle a cove what's out with his gal," he had once confided to a comrade. And in proof of his assertion he displayed almost a double handful of nickels and dimes. Now he fixed his red and beary eyes on Ethel Vernon's pretty face and repeated his whining plea, for at Belmont's refusal he had seen her quick gesture toward the purse that hung from her belt.

But Belmont's hand closed firmly over the fingers that held the desired coin, and his voice held a ring of command that the beggar did not a second time venture to disregard, and he slunk down a convenient alley, leaving behind him an odor that was as a breath from a distillery.

"I think you're very unkind, Harry," Ethel said, and two indignant tears sprang to her blue eyes. "The poor man needed the money; any one could see that with half an eye, and a dime is such a very little." Belmont shrugged. "It's not the amount," said he. "It's the principle of the thing. There are men who will beg just as long as there are men who will give. They won't work even when work is offered them." Belmont's jaw set itself sternly. "For my part," he said, "I think the world were better off without such men. Of what use are they?"

"They give men with more money than they know what to do with a chance to get rid of some of it," Ethel said flippantly.

But Belmont had been more stirred by the trivial little incident than he perhaps realized. He answered in all seriousness.

"No matter how much money a man may have," he said, "it isn't right for him to pauperize others by giving it away. Let him give work, but not money. Who cannot work will be provided for, but who will not work must go under. It's a hard law, the survival of the fittest, but it's a very just one, and we must all abide by it." Two red danger signals burned in Ethel Vernon's cheeks. "I don't think," she cried, hotly, "you could be so hard-hearted. Why, why, you've as good as said that a man must prove his right to live."

"Well, shouldn't he?" Belmont inquired calmly. "When a man ceases to be of use to the community he forfeits his right to life."

"You're positively brutal," Ethel Vernon said. She stripped her glove from her left hand and pulled a ring from her third finger.

"I—I don't want to be engaged to you any longer," she half sobbed. "I won't be engaged to you. I—I think I hate you."

"I absolutely refuse to release you from your engagement to me," Belmont said with a calm disregard both of Ethel's temper and proffered ring that added fuel to the flame.

"I'll not walk another step with you," Ethel declared. Belmont forestalled her very obvious intention to bolt. "Then we'll ride," he said, beckoning a cab. "I certainly will not permit you to go home alone," he added, as he helped Ethel into the cab and seated himself beside her. She took refuge in a silence that, in a child to whose caprices one may give plain, uncharitable names, would have been termed sulky. She held the ring dangling between her thumb and forefinger, and alternately glared at it and at Belmont, who, placidly disregarding of the etiquette of the occasion that clearly demanded that he should take possession of the ring, was indulging in a cheerful monologue. Ethel's pride forbade that she should restore the ring to its place on her finger, and a proper appreciation of the monetary value of diamonds prevented her from flinging it contemptuously from the cab window.

In all the novels that she had read (and they had been more than a few) the hero, under like circumstances, would take back his ring, cheerfully admit the error of his ways and humbly beg that he might restore it to its place on the finger of his lady love.

Belmont, far from admitting the error of his ways, seemed not even to realize that he had erred. Was there ever such a man, Ethel asked herself pettishly. Positively, he seemed not

even to know that he had offended her. She looked once more at the ring in her hand, and in sheer desperation dropped it in her purse. One had to do something with that hateful thing, and, of course, one could not put it back on one's finger, and if Belmont would be so ungentlemanly as to refuse to take it, what else was there left for one to do?

Belmont half smiled under his mustache when Ethel, pointedly ignoring his outstretched hand, left the cab unassisted, and freezingly intimated that he need not come in. "Of course I'm coming in," he told her. "I always come in. I can see the shine of your nice comfortable fire through the windows, and I think I'd like to get close to it. It's been—er—decidedly chilly for the last half hour."

"I dare say," Ethel snapped, "I'll be able to make it hot enough for you after we get inside."

But apparently Belmont was as indifferent to heat as he had been impervious to cold. He drank three cups of tea, ate unlimited cake and sandwiches, and was ever ready with the soft answer that should, but does not, turn aside wrath.

"I shall not renew our engagement," Ethel said, in a final burst of rage, when Belmont at last rose to take his departure, "until you prove to me that you're not the utterly heartless wretch you seemed to be this afternoon."

"The engagement," Belmont insisted placidly, "cannot be renewed, for reason that it has not been broken. But if I were you, Ethel, I would not lose any sleep worrying over that dilapidated specimen we met this afternoon. By now a generous and too confident public has undoubtedly contributed coin of the realm sufficient for unlimited beds—or beer," he added under his breath.

That she had quarreled with her lover was not, Ethel Vernon virtuously decided, a sufficient cause for neglecting to return his aunt's call.

This lady, whom Belmont was in the habit of describing as "an awfully good sort," lived in the suburbs in a tiny box of a house set in a wilderness of trees and shrubs. She was a bustling, unmarried person of middle age, cumbered with many cares of a purely domestic sort, in which she seemed to take unbounded delight.

"Of course you'll stay to dinner, my dear," she said in answer to Ethel's rather feeble protest. "Harry's coming out and Heaven knows, I hope he will come soon. The last cat he brought here is altogether too much for my nerves."

"Cat?" Ethel questioned, bewildered.

"Yes, to be sure," Miss Belmont said energetically. "Dear me, did he never tell you how he's turned my whole back yard into a regular cat hospital? Every poor, miserable, half-starved cat he finds he brings out here and keeps till he can find a home for it. We've eight of them now, and I tell Harry he will certainly bankrupt himself buying meat and milk for them."

Ethel was quite pink with excitement. "Isn't it dear of him?" she cried. "Tell me more. You wouldn't think a man would be so softened, now would you?" So it happened that when Belmont arrived to minister to the wants of his rescued cats he found Ethel Vernon cuddling a dejected black and white kitten in her lap.

"I wanted awfully to feed it," she said, lifting a smiling face, "but Miss Belmont wouldn't let me. She said you gave it a pill or a powder or something before meals."

"Yes, a tablet," Belmont said, gravely, taking a small box from his vest pocket. "The poor thing is subject to fits, but I think I can cure it. Here, Ethel, when I get its mouth open, drop this in."

The kitten clawed futilely and wriggled in a vain attempt to escape from the hands that held it.

"Poor kitty, you don't like it, do you?" Belmont murmured in a soothing bass, as the kitten, with a final yell and a yowl of despair, swallowed the tablet.

"I'm sorry for the horrid things I said yesterday. See, I've put the ring back." She lifted a slender hand on whose third finger a diamond sparkled. Belmont kissed the hand. "Did you say horrid things?" he asked. "I had forgotten."

That was one of the comfortable things about Belmont. He always promptly forgot the unpleasant things you said or did and remembered only the nice ones.—Una Hudson in The Valley.

An Official Brigand.

The accounts of the indictment against Signor Nasi, former Italian minister of instruction, have just been published. From the beginning of his official life until the end of it, a period of two years, Nasi apparently considered the belongings of the educational department, as well as of the government treasury, his own private possessions. When orders were given for the account of the ministry Nasi at the same time gave orders for objects of personal use; furniture, cutlery, flowers, a telephone, tea service, watch, carpet, statues, etc., which were to be delivered to him and charged to the department. He paid a sculptor \$100, and a painter \$1,000, for a statue and portrait of himself, and for photographs of his family and friends he paid a firm no less than \$300, all of which was charged to the department.—Public Opinion.

Darwin and Greek.

Darwin has been cited as having expressed regrets at not having learned Greek. Passages in his letters indicate, however, that he was against the compulsory of Greek, and believed it should be taught only to those who have a special zeal and taste for it.

WHEN YOUR GRANDFATHER WAS A BOY

HE USED A



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A. F. Copeland, Agent, Bethel, Me.

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POST OFFICE BLOCK, BETHEL, MAINE

NEW DEPARTURE.

I shall not keep Meats during the summer, and have put in a stock of

MOLASSES, KEROSENE, FLOUR.

In addition to which I shall carry my usual line of STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, FRUIT, CONFECTIONERY, CIGARS and

GREEN STUFF.

The Flour which I carry is WASHBURN-CROSBY in sacks—none better. Boneless Cod, and Smoked Halibut in packages; Canned Goods of all kinds, etc. Have you tried PARLOR PRIDE STOVE POLISH?

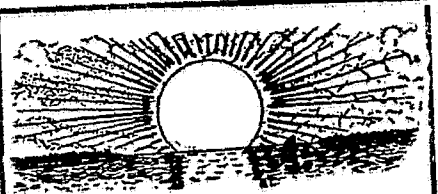
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Timothy, Hungarian,
Lawn Grass, Alsike
and New York Clover.

Fertilizers, Lime and Cement.
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Sunshine Furniture Polish
makes dingy and scratched furniture look like new. Does not in the least injure, but rather prolongs life of the varnish. Excellent for pianos. 25c. per large bottle.
Agents wanted at liberal commission.
OREN HOOPER'S SONS Portland, Maine.

WANT COLUMN.

Agents Wanted
In Bethel and vicinity for line of high grade toilet articles and flavors. Permanent agency and good profits to right parties. Puritan Drug Co., Boston, Mass., rwk

AGENT WANTED.

We must have an agent at once in Bethel and vicinity. Lady or gentleman. \$35.00 per week to right party. Exclusive territory. Full particulars free.

W. H. PRILAY,
Pittsfield, Maine.

Wanted.

Quick! Quick!! Quick!!! Agents wanted at once. Complete History Russian Japanese War. Largest and best book. Most liberal terms to agents. Complete outfit free. Send to cents postage.

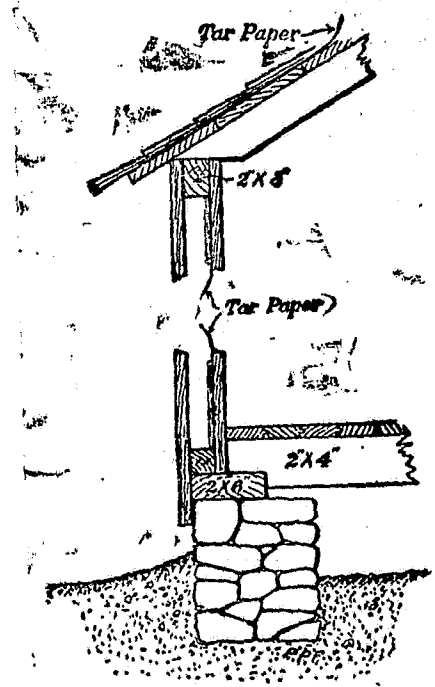
MANUFACTURERS BOOK CO.
Pittsfield, Me.

SALESMEN WANTED.

We want capable ladies and gentlemen in every town to represent our house. Will pay from \$25.00 to \$50.00 weekly to right party. Exclusive territory. Full particulars free. NATIONAL UNIVERSITY CITY, Pittsfield, Maine.

Design for a Poultry House.

The sill may be a 2 by 6 or 2 by 8 scantling, laid flat on the wall or foundation; a 2 by 2 strip is nailed at the outer edge to give the size of the space between the boards which constitute the side walls. A 2 by 3 scantling set edgewise forms the plate, and to this the boards of the side walls are nailed. These boards may be of rough lumber if economy in building is desired. If so, the inner board should be nailed on first and covered with tarred building paper on the side that will come within the hollow wall when the building is completed. This building paper is to be held in place with laths or strips of thin boards.



If only small nails or tacks are used, the paper will tear around the nail heads when damp and will not stay in place.

The cracks between the boards of the outside boarding may be covered with inexpensive battens if they are nailed at frequent intervals with small nails. Ordinary building lath will answer this purpose admirably, and will last many years, although they are not so durable as heavier and more expensive strips. The tarred paper on the inside boarding and the battens on the outside make two walls, each impervious to wind, with an air space between them.

Thinning Fruit Trees.

It costs to thin fruit, but the resulting fruit is of a superior grade, and the expense of picking inferior fruit is eliminated at harvesting time. Pines and plums are always thinned for best results.—Farmer's Voice.

Good Roads in Tennessee.

Over \$50,000 has been expended for macadam roads, granolithic pavements and curbing in Johnson City, Tenn., during the past year.

Dutch Doors at Home.

For many years Dutch doors have been used in stables, and the wonder grows that they have not been adopted by architects for residences. A Dutch door is made in two parts, an upper and lower section being so arranged that either may be opened separately or both together. When the lower half is locked and the upper opened you have a plenty of door and above it a large window. You have ample light and ventilation, with restraint for children, dogs and cats.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION

By Mrs. M. E. Robinson.

The duty of a spy, though both disagreeable and dangerous, did not deter Colonel Hastings from offering his services towards ascertaining the position and condition of the king's troops, then quartered in Canada. He was a brave and handsome young officer, warmly attached to the American cause, and willing to sacrifice his life, if need be, for the good of his countrymen who were fighting for liberty and the right.

He was fully aware of the risk he incurred—nor was he ignorant of the fate awaiting him should he be suspected and taken. By means of various disguises he had reconnoitered pretty thoroughly, and had acquired much information of an important nature. He had about resolved to return to the American camp and report himself to the commander-in-chief, when the following incident strengthened his determination.

While walking along one day, musing upon the exciting events which were then transpiring, he was met by one of the common soldiery who stopped to speak. The man looked unmated, and seemed pleased with his thoughts.

"Halloo, comrade!" he cried. "You're going the wrong way."

"I guess not," rejoined Hastings, carelessly.

"Well, I s'pose you know best; but you'd better go back to the camp with me. I'm going to get a description of the chap that's been playing the spy," added the man, familiarly.

"What about him? It's all news to me," replied the colonel, unconcerned, though his pulse beat a little quicker at the man's language; but he had long exercised a severe government over the play of his features, and not a muscle expressed surprise.

"You must be deaf, then, for everybody is talking about him to-day," continued the other. "His name is Tom Jones, and he's been skulking round here, listening to what the officers say, pumping the men, and trying to find out what the next move is to be. But they've smelt a rat. There's a bounty offered for his head, and he's as good as a dead man."

"Good enough for him!" exclaimed the colonel, who still maintained the same indifferent demeanor. "His life isn't worth much, that's a fact. But I say, comrade," he added, slapping the soldier familiarly on the shoulder, "isn't hanging a little too good for the rascal?"

The man replied with a coarse laugh and an oath; and then passed on his way, leaving Hastings in no enviable state of mind. Had the fellow been acquainted with him detection would have been inevitable. He—Hastings—had left the barracks early that morning, noticing nothing unusual; but probably his absence, added to other circumstances, had awakened suspicion. Not a moment was to be lost; his life depended upon instant concealment, as if at that hour (it being about four in the afternoon) would be attended with extreme danger. The soldier would hear a description of his person, tell his story, the alarm would be given, and a score of enemies be immediately on his track.

The young officer hastily entered a thick growth of trees near by, and looked about for some place of refuge. He could discover nothing which offered the slightest protection but a large brush-heap, but as no better refuge could be found, he concealed himself as well as possible beneath it.

He heard the tramp of horses' feet and the voices of men, in a very short time, which was a good reason for concluding that he had not secreted himself a minute too soon. They passed the spot where he lay without halting, and Hastings breathed more freely when the echo of their shouts was lost in the distance.

Time dragged on but slowly. The ground was extremely cold and damp from the effects of a recent rain, and added to the unpleasantness of his situation. He dare not stir for fear of attracting the attention of some person who might be lurking in the vicinity, and his stiffened limbs began to pain him considerably.

For several days he had not been well, and he felt that he was rapidly becoming worse. Cold chills ran over him, his head was hot and ached badly, and a general languor pervaded his whole system. What should he do? It was not quite dark, but unfortunately for him the moon shone brightly, and he feared being seen if he attempted leaving his present position. So for two more long hours he laid there, benumbed with cold, and growing so much worse that he feared, without assistance, he should die. But if it was dangerous to go, it was equally dangerous to remain. To be hanged for a spy was not a pleasant idea to contemplate, and he groaned at the thought of dying there alone.

At this moment he remembered having seen a small cabin at a short distance. He would seek it, throw himself upon the mercy of the inmates, and beg assistance and protection.

He pushed aside the brush cautiously, and after glancing from side to side hurriedly, crept a little way upon his feet, and then gradually raised himself to an upright position. This was not accomplished without severe effort; his limbs were weak and cramped, and he tottered as he walked. His head felt so light and dizzy that it was some minutes before he could recollect in what direction the cabin was situated, but his mind became somewhat clearer at length, and he moved slowly forward, suffering much bodily pain, and with a dragging one foot after the other, he saw a light twinkling in the distance, which indicated the proximity of the lowly dwelling. He did not know whether the occupants were whigs or tories, but he trusted in Providence, and went forward more hopefully.

He approached the cabin, but paused at hearing the sound of voices. Taking a few more noiseless steps he was enabled to glance through a rude window, and perceived two men and two women sitting within. The young officer was about to knock at the door, when the word "spy" reached his ears, causing him to forego his intent, and listen to hear more.

"I am quite confident that we shall succeed," said one.

"The reward is worth trying for, at any rate," returned the other.

"What will be done with him if he should be captured?" asked the younger of the two females.

"No matter," said the elder of the two men, abruptly.

"They won't be likely to let him go again," added his companion, with a significant shrug of the shoulders.

"He'll be treated as spies use it; are, probably," remarked the middle-aged woman who had not yet spoken.

The younger shuddered and looked thoughtful.

"I wish this unnatural war was ended; it so brutalizes the human character," she said, earnestly, after a pause.

"The sooner the rebels are conquered the quicker it will be ended," said one of the men. "So you see it's our duty to catch this spy, who is said to be very cunning and useful in his way. He can't be a great distance off, and as soon as we get rested we must take to the woods and hunt him down."

The other gave his hearty assent to this proposal, and after talking over their plans together both men left the cabin and passed so near to our hero, that by raising their hands they might have touched him; but the darkness which had succeeded the moon's departure, favored him and he remained undisturbed.

Waiting until he could no longer hear the footsteps nor voices of the retreating figures, he stepped softly to the door and tapped.

The latch was raised, and a voice demanded, "Who's there?"

"A friend; one, at least, who has not the power to injure you," was the reply.

The door opened wider, and the pale and haggard face of the applicant was exposed to the woman, who scrutinized him steadily and closely.

"Come in," she said, briefly.

"I am in distress," said Hastings. "I apply to you because you are a woman, and I cannot forget that a woman was first at the sepulchre of Jesus. I am sick, weary, hungry and sorely pressed by my enemies. I am the American spy for whom a reward is offered. You can save me or deliver me into the hands of your husband, or those who have gone in pursuit of me."

The mother and daughter exchanged glances but neither spoke, and Hastings anxiously awaited the decision of his fate.

The woman who had opened the door now signified by a motion of the hand that he should enter. He did so, and a seat was placed for him by the daughter, whose sympathies were obviously enlisted. She glanced sympathizingly at his dejected countenance, and noted his faltering steps and limbs trembling with weakness.

"We can give you food, but our protection will avail but little after my husband's return," said the woman.

"Can you not conceal me?" asked Hastings, earnestly. "Heaven will surely reward you for the deed!"

The mother looked at her daughter, and the two conversed together in a low voice.

"We will do what we can," said the former, briefly, as she placed refreshments before him and signed to him to eat.

"Do not stop to talk," she added, quickly, as the young officer endeavored to express his gratitude. "There is no time to lose, and food will do you more good than anything else."

Hastings did not wait for a second bidding, and the nutritious beverage soon had the effect to renew his strength and inspire fresh courage. His head felt less giddy, the cheerful fire warmed his stiffened limbs, and he would certainly have fallen asleep in his chair had not a feeling of dread lest the men should suddenly return, caused him to look often anxiously towards the window.

"They will be gone two hours," said the youngest female, as if to reassure him on that point.

Hastings signified his thanks, and looked at the fair speaker so attentively that a crimson glow stole over her expressive countenance, making her look more interesting than before. He forgot, for the moment, himself, his illness the danger he had incurred, the risk he now ran, everything in contemplating her symmetrical figure, regularity of features, and the benevolent kindness that beamed from her eloquent eyes. He was startled from his reverie by the barking of a dog.

"You are lost!" she exclaimed.

"Father is near by!"

Hastings started to his feet and looked hurriedly about for some mode of egress besides the door by which he had entered.

The young girl shook her head, and her cheek paled with terror. Hastings knew that discovery was inevitable if he remained where he was, and that the result would be equally fatal if he ventured to leave the cabin.

The young girl stood an instant as if spell-bound, when the voices came nearer and nearer. Suddenly she sprang towards a door which opened into a dark closet.

"Go in, go in!" she whispered, "and secrete yourself behind those clothes."

The officer mechanically obeyed, and the door was quickly closed and fastened upon him, while his deliverer, with uncommon self-possession, placed herself in the chair he had just vacated, drew up to the small table on which food had been placed, and very deliberately commenced eating.

She had hardly done so when her father and his companion entered the cabin both looking somewhat ill-humored and disappointed.

"What are you up and eating for, at this hour, Hettie?" asked the former, abruptly, regarding the young girl with a look of astonishment and displeasure.

"Because I'm hungry," was the unhesitating reply.

"Well, and so are we hungry, girl; so get us something quick, for we've got to ride a dozen miles yet; that is, if the fellow don't disappoint us again. Confound him! we might have been on the right track by this time if the horses had been forthcoming," he muttered, as Hettie (as he called her) busied herself in placing eatables before them, as she had been bidden.

While this had been transpiring the mother had silently left the cabin, entered an out-building, and was preparing a comfortable place in which to conceal Hastings before her husband's return; and this will account for her absence when his proximity had been so opportunely discovered by the young girl.

While the men were satisfying the demands of appetite she re-entered, but started back in alarm at perceiving what a change in affairs the last fifteen minutes had wrought. Hettie caught her eye, and a warning glance checked the exclamation that was on her lips and recalled her usual presence of mind.

"Well?" she said, interrogatively, approaching the table.

"We've had to wait for horses, and the rascal will give us the slip if we don't ride for dear life," returned her husband, moodily. "I say, Ben," he added with an impatient gesture, "haven't you almost done eating?"

"Just finished," replied Ben, pushing back his chair, and buttoning his coat. "I'm all ready."

"We'll go then, as soon as I get another hat." Approaching the closet which contained the object of their solicitude and pursuit, the speaker stepped in and commenced searching for the article he had named.

The reader can imagine the sensations of our hero as he crouched behind a pile of bedding, trembling lest a sudden movement of the man should expose his person. He was certain that his heart beat loud enough to be heard—and when he felt the clothes move before him he gave all up for lost.

The emotions of the young girl were none the less intense. Her face assumed a ashy hue, her feet seemed glued to the floor, and her breath almost stopped as her eye marked each motion of her father. As he advanced nearer the corner where she knew Hastings stood she placed her hands before her eyes and sank into a chair.

But discovery did not ensue. The hat was found at length, and when Hettie raised her eyes she breathed more freely. Her father stood without the closet, while his companion was assuring him that if much more time was wasted they might as well give up the undertaking.

"Where is he?" inquired the woman, when the men had gone.

"In there," replied the daughter, pointing towards the closet.

"It is a providence indeed!" was the fervent ejaculation of the mother, as she comprehended this narrow escape. No time was lost in conducting Hastings to the out-building we have named. It was entered but seldom, little used, and being so near the rendezvous of the king's troops would not be likely to be subjected to a very thorough search by his enemies, who probably believed him much farther off.

In this place he remained several days, receiving the best of care from both mother and daughter, who visited him as often as they could without attracting observation. When his strength had in a measure returned, and he was able to travel, his generous protectors furnished him with a suitable disguise, and by means of the husband's absence were enabled to assist him a considerable distance upon his perilous journey. He encountered many difficulties and dangers, and felt himself far from secure until he had passed the British lines, and knew he had nothing more to fear.

But he did not forget the maiden whose prompt action had saved his life. After the close of the war he met her again under more auspicious circumstances, and a pleasant acquaintance terminated in a happy marriage.

Commercial Traveler to Fly.

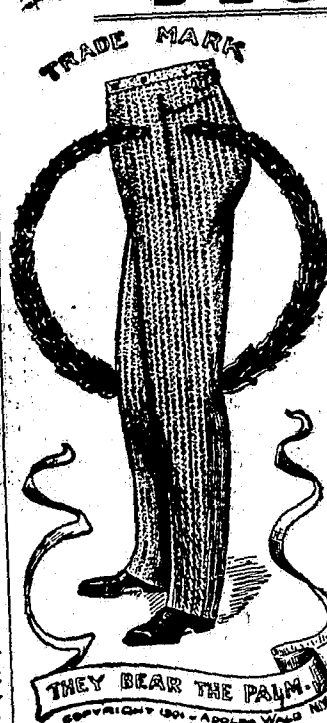
A firm recently advertised for a commercial traveler, and, out of the numerous applicants for the post, selected an individual who had plenty of confidence but very little experience. He started out on his journeyings, and nothing was heard of him for a week. Then a letter came: "I have not succeeded in obtaining any orders yet, but have had a long interview with the principal of Messrs. Brown Bros. This, I flatter myself, is a feather in my cap, as he is a very difficult man to get at."

Three days passed, no order came, but another letter, in which the ambassador "plumed" himself on the fact that he had talked to the secretary of a large company for two hours. Yet another week rolled by, and the traveler wrote, claiming another feather in his cap on the strength of an interview with the managing director of a syndicate, and asking for more cash.

The firm wrote him as follows: "Dear Sir—We have received your letter, and note your request for money. We are not inclosing any, but noting that you have a good many feathers in your cap, we should advise you to make them into a pair of white wings and fly home."

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